

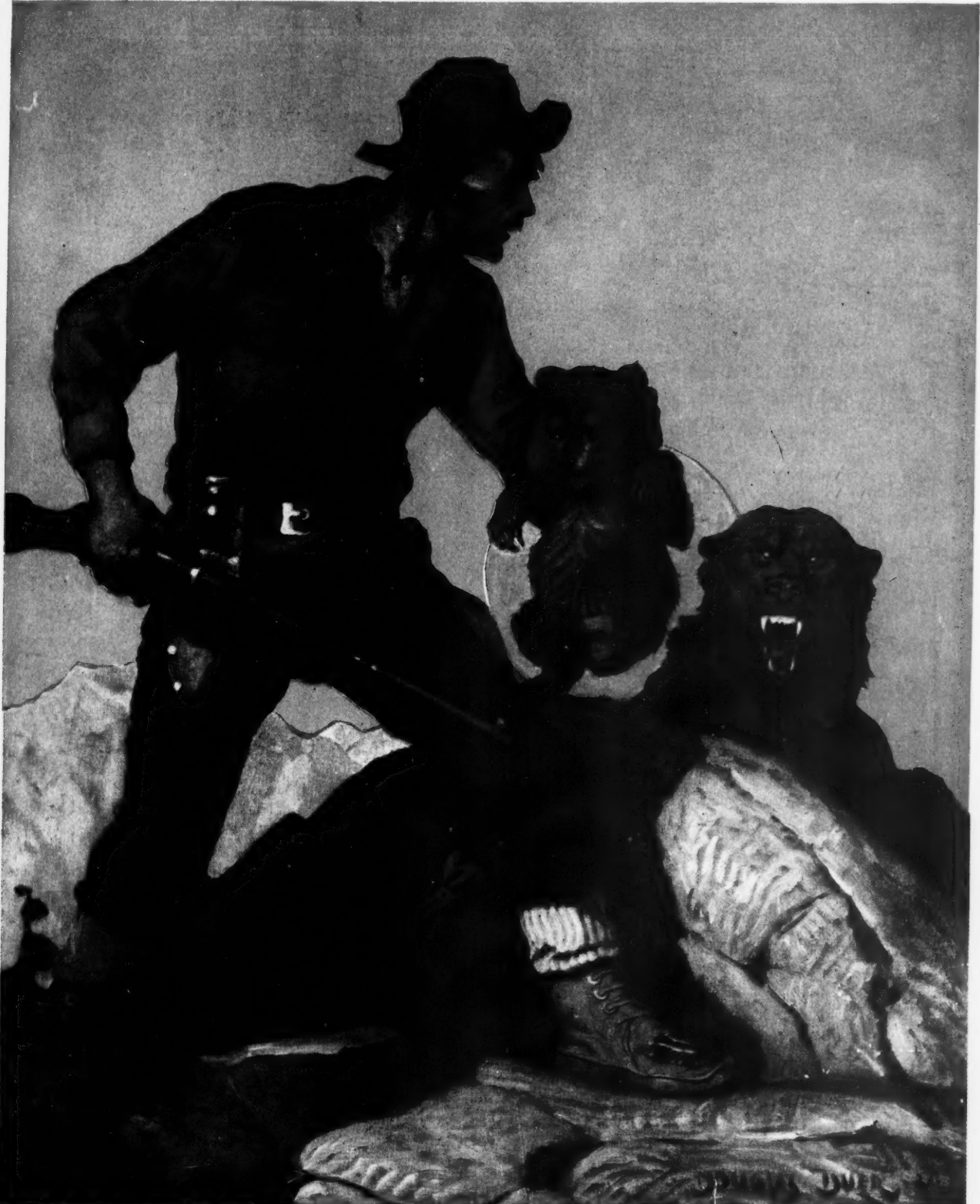
GRANTLAND RICE: "Big Guns of the Gridiron"

10¢ Leslie's Weekly 10¢

DECEMBER 10, 1921

"News That Makes Us Think"

PRICE 10 CENTS



Painted by DOUGLAS DYER

"Not so easy as he thought"

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WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON
Editor

JAMES N. YOUNG
Managing Editor

HOWARD E. MORTON
Associate Editor

HORACE GREEN
Associate Editor, Washington, D. C.

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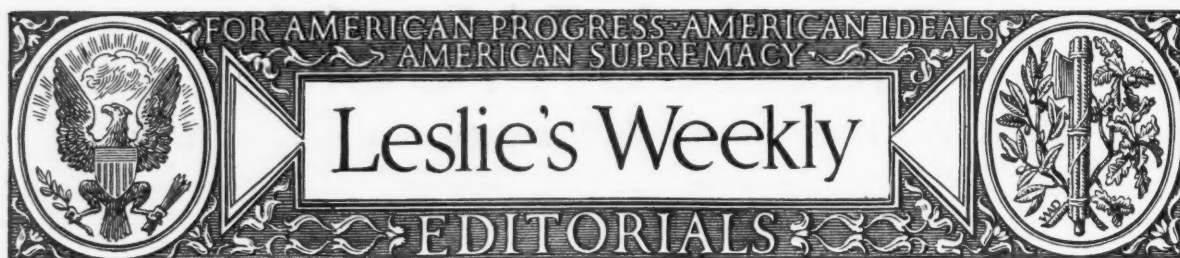


KEYSTONE

An \$800,000 Masterpiece That Will Cross the Atlantic

The greatest recent event in art circles was the sale the other day of this painting—Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy"—by the Duke of Westminster to Duveen Brothers, American art dealers,

for \$800,000. The masterpiece was purchased shortly after by Henry E. Huntington, noted art connoisseur, of New York and California, who will bring it to America in a few weeks.



Sit Tight!

THERE can be little doubt that the American people are supporting solidly the program of their Government before the Arms Conference. Secretary Hughes's proposal of a naval holiday, superbly staged, has stirred their imagination—it has satisfied their love of the dramatic, appealed to their sense of the practical and cast them in their favorite rôle of the big, generous, open-handed, sincere nation. They feel that our Government has met its neighbors more than half way and that now it is the neighbors' turn.

And so it is.

In its issue of November 12 *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* expressed the belief that "Uncle Sam, having the cards, should deal them face up on the table." This is exactly what Mr. Hughes proceeded to do that very day. In so doing he has robbed the foreign delegates of any advantage they may have hoped to gain from a too insistent public clamor for disarmament in this country. They must deal now with a nation which speaks as a unit. Indeed, it is they who are in danger of suffering embarrassment from popular insistence on disarmament, not here but at home.

The conference is well begun; America can afford to sit tight. If we stick by our terms we can count on their acceptance—possibly with minor modifications—in the end. As *LESLIE'S* said some weeks ago: "It is clearly the part of patriotism to put our fate in the hands of our spokesmen with the understanding that we want peace, but not peace at any price."

The Return of Criticism

IT would be a graceful gesture on the part of those who became so exercised at the restrictions on freedom of speech during the war were they to take some note of the rapid return to old-time conditions. No anti-militarist who got into trouble because of what he said or wrote painted a more hateful picture of war and the effects of compulsory service and army discipline, than is found in Mr. Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," a novel now accepted almost as a matter of course, reviewed at length in conservative newspapers and magazines, and while criticised as unfair, yet generally accepted as an important work of art.

In "The Hero," now playing in New York, the heroism of an unprincipled rolling-stone—a "bad citizen" in the literal sense of the word, who was decorated because of some exploit with the Foreign Legion—is contrasted with the heroism of his stay-at-home brother, who did not enlist, but exhibited during the war and after it, in caring for his unappreciative wife, son and elderly mother, all the domestic virtues. The bad brother talks of a hero as a man "who did something he wouldn't have done if he had had time to think," sniffs at the adoration of his sister-in-law as "that patriotic stuff," and, in general, expresses the

decidedly ugly mood of the cynical morning after.

The equanimity with which the audience receives these observations may be taken by some as proof of the mercurial temper of the American people, but it would probably be as sensible to regard it merely as an example of the law of compensation which operates in the emotional as well as the mechanical world.

An Armistice in Music

RICHARD STRAUSS, the German composer, received a public reception at the New York City Hall the other day, and to the musical remarks of His Honor, Mayor Hylan, Mr. Strauss replied in German. He could not be so immodest, he said, as to accept this honor as only for himself, but must view it as a tribute to the "noble German music."

The "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel," which he conducted at the concert in Carnegie Hall that evening, were described by the musical critics as things of "iridescent loveliness." The audience which listened to this concert is described by our neighbor, the *Tribune*, as "extraordinary"; so numerous that it "could not have been accommodated had not the fire-laws been impudently violated," and "revealing its taste and its knowledge by its rapt attention, its discriminating silences and discriminating approval." No "political or national tone could be heard, it proclaimed only honor for the artist."

There was no mention, so far as we know, of German music in the Treaty of Versailles, and it might not be accurate, therefore, to say that a musical treaty of peace has been signed, but it would appear from this and similar manifestations that the present condition might at least be described as an armistice.

Protective Levity

H. G. WELLS, taking himself as typifying the attitude of man in general, says he stands "astonished at his own levity" that in the face of so momentous a gathering as the "disarmament conference" he should still find diversion in shop window displays and chop suey. Most men have experienced this astonishment at self, and with shame. Future generations will marvel, if they think of it, that in the days of the German drive on Amiens, in March, 1918, the American business man gave almost his usual attention to his luncheon order.

But suppose one were raised to a level at which he was keenly and constantly aware of the true significance of events, how long would his nerve bear the strain? He would never have survived the war. Our capacity for levity is one of nature's anodynes. Most of us have it in considerable superfluity, and let us only achieve a consciousness of the significance of things, and a conscientiousness toward them, equal to that of Mr. H. G. Wells and we shall have done enough.

BIG GUNS OF THE GRIDIRON

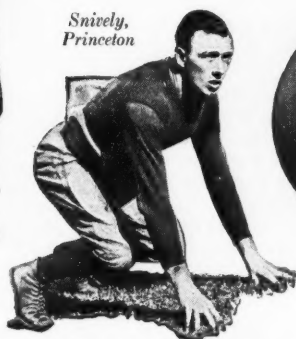
Men and Teams Whose Work Has Featured the Football Season Just Closed

By GRANTLAND RICE

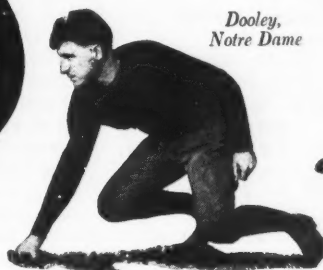


Aldrich, Yale

Snively,
Princeton



Grantland Rice
PHOTOS UNDERWOOD
AND KEYSTONE



Dooley,
Notre Dame



McGuire
Chicago



Davies,
Pittsburgh

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—So many remarkable players are being produced to-day from coast to coast that it is futile to attempt to name one "All-America" team. A choice of the eleven "best" stars—men who have demonstrated that they are clearly superior to scores of strong rivals—would inevitably arouse a storm of controversy in every state in the Union. In this article Mr. Rice, who has followed the game as closely perhaps as has any other enthusiast in the country, simply endeavors to name those teams and those players whose unusually excellent work entitles them to special mention. As he takes care to explain, he does not attempt to discuss Far Western football—which, as every fair-minded critic is glad to admit, is of an extremely high order.)

IN looking over the almost endless array of great football players from the late season we can understand how the general staff officer must feel upon inspection as a division marches by.

The effect is bound to be bewildering. But nothing could offer more bewildering qualities than the job of checking over outstanding stars from a football season that seems to have produced more talent than any we have ever known.

Football is now around fifty years old. In the course of this half-century it may be that some other season has been able to turn out eleven greater individual stars, but certainly no other season ever turned out so many line and backfield brilliants, well above the average of ordinary play.

The four great football divisions now are the East, Middle West, South and Far West or Pacific Slope. Since these divisions cover something like 3,000,000 square miles of football territory where

star football machines are frequently more than 3,000 miles apart, the difficulties of direct comparison are immediately apparent.

Last year, for example, Ohio State, Western Conference champions, happened to be rated upon a par with the best in the East. Yet California later downed Ohio State by 28 to 0. We can make no attempt here to round-up all the leading stars of the Pacific Slope, since there is no direct or indirect basis of comparison with the teams that we have seen, such as the East, Middle West, and South offer. Yet, wise football men who have been on the ground believe California has one of the great machines of the year, able to cope upon even terms with anything the East or West boasts.

The main balance of power this last season, in our opinion, belonged to the Middle West.

How can any one prove that Iowa, Notre Dame, California, Ohio State, Chicago, Wisconsin and Nebraska have greater total gridiron strength and skill than Penn. State, Lafayette, Cornell, W. and J., the Navy and Yale, Harvard or Princeton?

The answer is that no one can, except possibly by comparative scores, which frequently mean less than nothing.

In the three most important inter-sectional games of the year between East and West, Chicago beat Princeton, Notre Dame crushed West Point and Nebraska overthrew Pittsburg.

But as Princeton, West Point and Pittsburg were all beaten many times by



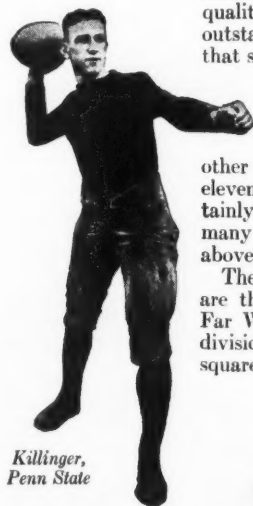
Robertson,
Dartmouth



McMillin, Center



Kiley, Notre Dame



Killinger,
Penn State



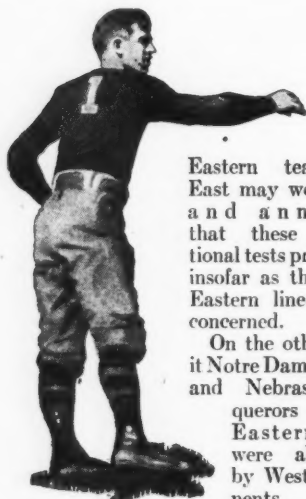
Owen, Harvard



French, Army



Parr, Navy



Aubrey Devine, Iowa

Eastern teams, the East may well rise up and announce that these intersectional tests proved little insofar as the ranking Eastern line-ups were concerned.

On the other side of it Notre Dame, Chicago and Nebraska, conquerors of strong Eastern rivals, were all beaten by Western opponents.

It is our guess that Iowa and Notre Dame could beat any team in the East, but this is only a guess when one considers the unusual speed and power of Penn. State's attack, led by two such stars as Killinger and Wilson. For one direct comparison we know that Notre Dame gave West Point a decisive beating well beyond Yale's showing against the Army in the Yale Bowl. And that Notre Dame on its Eastern trip looked to have more all-around power upon both offense and defense than any team in the East. Yet, Notre Dame was beaten by Iowa and barely won from the powerful Nebraska team which struck Pittsburg with the latter at high tide after two great victories over Syracuse and Pennsylvania.

The South, with a far lighter student enrollment, and younger and less experienced material, has put up a game, hard battle to cope upon nearly even terms with the leading elevens of the East and West. The odds in every way have been entirely too heavy against her. Yet, in spite of these crushing odds the South has made a highly creditable showing when one considers Centre's victory over Harvard, Georgia Tech's wide margin over Georgetown and Georgia's even battle against the Crimson team.

Georgia Tech found Penn. State's baffling, whirlwind attack too much for her defense, but a number of other strong Eastern teams made the same annoying discovery when they attempted to stop Killinger and Wilson as they carried out Hugo Bezdek's skillfully planned attack, the best devised attack which the East had to offer. The South had its share of strong elevens with its share of stars. Centre and

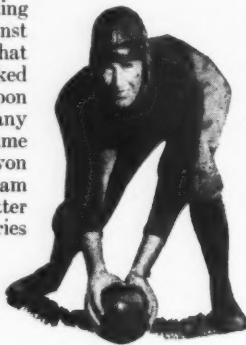
Huffman, Ohio State

Georgia Tech led the Dixie March, but Georgia, Vanderbilt, Sewanee, Auburn and others were up to high standards with first-class material that was all well coached.

Who were the Big Guns of the Gridiron this last fall? One might name an all-American team and then pick two others just as strong in every way where it would be only a toss-up upon a given day as to which would win.

In naming leading lights this side of the Pacific Slope many stars must be overlooked from the winding parade that drifts by, but with the outstanding leaders put down one is struck with the preponderance of talent from the Middle West that seems to have turned out a greater crop of good football players than any other section by a decisive margin.

The Middle West not only supplied its own teams richly, but gave Yale five or six of her best men, sent Lourie to Princeton and in the same way helped to plug more than one gap in Eastern line-ups. The West had a greater supply of stars than

KEYSTONE
Larson, Navy

either East or South. The West undoubtedly could name four elevens that would be superior to the four picked elevens of any other section. There is no way to prove this

AT CENTER:

East—Larsen, Navy; Stein, Pittsburg.
West—Vick, Michigan; Bunge, Wisconsin;
Wallace, Iowa State (Ames).
South—Day, Georgia.

GUARDS:

East—Baer, Penn. State; Schawb, Lafayette;
Carney, Navy; Brown, Harvard; Cruikshank, Yale; Walsh, Colgate.
West—Anderson, Dooley, Notre Dame; Trott, Ohio State.
South—Davis, Ga. Tech.; Wade, Vanderbilt.

TACKLES:

East—Into, Yale; Keck, Princeton; King, Navy; Stein (end and tackle), W. and J.; McMahon, Penn. State; Gulick, Syracuse; Williams, Lafayette.
West—Slater, Iowa; Huffman, Ohio State; McGuire, Chicago; Bader, Wisconsin; Thompson, Iowa; Shaw, Notre Dame; McMillan, California.
South—The South, with several good men, was a trifle shy in big, fast tackles to compete with the best in the East and West.



O'Hearn, Yale

ENDS:

East—Snively, Princeton; Parr, Navy; Macomber, Harvard; Sturm, Yale.
West—Kiley, Notre Dame; Mueller, California; Swanson, Nebraska; Crisler, Chicago; Myers, Ohio State; Anderson, Notre Dame; Belding, Iowa.
South—Roberts, Centre; Reynolds, Ga.

QUARTER BACKS:

East—Killinger, Penn. State; Buell, Harvard; Brennan, Lafayette; Pfann, Cornell; Wray, Pennsylvania.
West—Devine, Iowa; Workman, Ohio State; Romney, Chicago.
South—McMillin, Centre; Reynolds, Ga.; McDonough, Ga. Tech.

AT HALF AND FULL:

East—Aldrich, Yale; Wilson and Lightner, Penn. State; Barchet, Navy; Gazella and Brunner, Lafayette; Erickson, W. and J.; Davies, Pittsburg; Jordan, Yale; Gilroy, Princeton; Owen, Harvard; Webster, Colgate; Robertson, Dartmouth; Kaw, Cornell; French, West Point.
West—Mohardt, Notre Dame; Stuart, Ohio State; Williams, Wisconsin; Wynne, Notre Dame; Thomas, Chicago; Kipke, Michigan; Locke, Iowa; Toomey and Michals, California.
South—Barron and Harlan, Ga. Tech.; Snoddy, Centre; Flavin and Kenyon, Georgetown.

The main regret here is the number of fine football players left out, but with so many thousands of players covering so many thousands of square miles it is impossible to blanket the entire list and not overlook many stars who through lack of publicity have not been as widely heralded as they deserved to be.

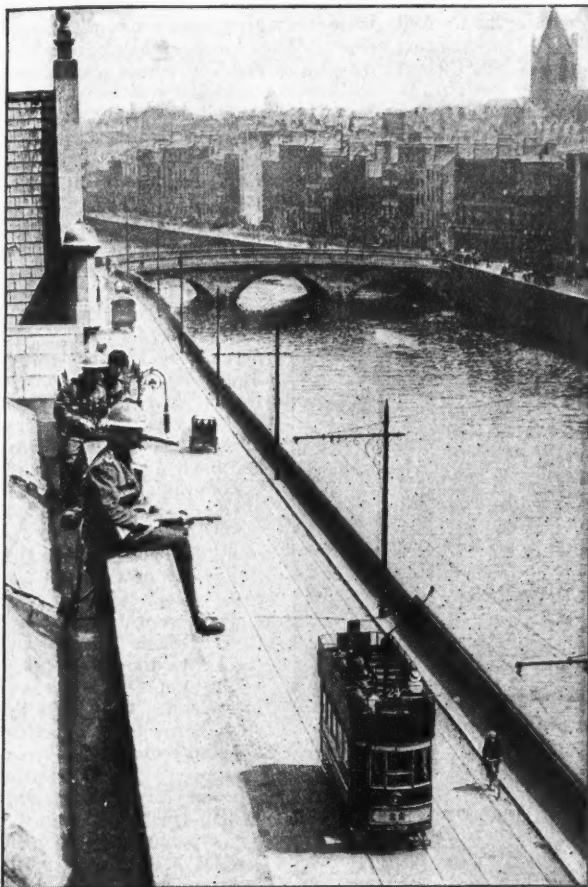
To name the outstanding stars of the year from the above array is an even more difficult task and yet there are certain leaders who must be given preference.

At center and at guard there is no great choice from any single sector.

But at tackle the West moves far to the front. The East had Keck, Into, King, Bolles and others, but no array to match Slater of Iowa, Huffman of Ohio State, McGuire of Chicago, Bader of Wisconsin (Concluded on page 826)



Stein, Pittsburgh



"The court calmly heard witnesses and passed judgment in the cases before it all day long, in a building overlooking the street where the soldiers patrolled."

THIS is the strangest story I ever heard, and found to be true.

It seems strange to me, because I have myself lived in the land where these things were accomplished, and myself saw what incredible difficulties were in the way of their accomplishment. Had I, like you, stayed at home in America, and had I been told this tale without ever having seen Ireland when it was overrun with armed men, armored cars and machine-guns, the story would have been only half-told to me.

But I *did* see streets down which bullets were hissing, and so I know at first hand—although it might have seemed incredible otherwise—that men can merrily govern themselves in spite of the fact that an army belonging to another government is marching up and down their roads and believing itself to be in complete command of the country.

This is the story of what the people of Ireland did in the last two years, without firing a single shot, to set aside the rule of England.

There were, of course, plenty of Irish lads who fought England with rifle and revolver while this was going on; but his tale has nothing to do with what *they* did. This is a comedy without bloodshed, an extravaganza without violence, an object lesson to those who hold that the age of miracles is past.

The curtain went up, after preliminary pushings and tuggings back in the wings, in September, 1919.

"In September, these courts began to be systematically broken up by the military."

If the job was up to you, how would you go about running a brand new nation? Let's suppose that you are an Indian, a native-born Hoosier, and that someone came to you suddenly and said:

"Take Indiana and run it! You've got some 32,000 square miles of territory and three or four million people. You are to set up your own civil courts and criminal courts and your own police force, to carry out the decrees of those courts. It's up to you to collect the taxes that are to pay for these institutions. Go to it!"

Ten to one, the thing would stagger you a bit. You'd gasp. When you had got your wits together, you'd probably ask:

"Well, if I'm to do all that, I'll have the assistance of the present State Government in Indiana, won't I, in collecting the taxes, and all that sort of thing?"

"Not at all!" would be the emphatic answer. "Not on your life! You're to get no help at all from that Government! On the contrary, if it catches you at this job, you'll go to jail. . . . That Government is going to go on collecting its taxes, to pay for its own courts and police, and so on, and whatever money *you* can collect must be collected behind its back. Now, get a move on!"

HIDE-AND-SEEK IRISH STYLE

*The Merry Game of Running a Government
on the Run*

By
SAMUEL MCCOY



If that contract wouldn't make you rub your head in a daze, you must be a "regular" American.

The job of conducting a brand new nation thus began, in a land where there was already a Government in full swing and possessed of all the machinery of government.

Three million Irish people had made up their minds that they would have none of that other Government. They had elected a Congress of their own (they call it *Dail Eirann*) in December, 1918, and from this Congress their governmental cabinet was formed in the following spring. The delay was due to the fact that thirty or more members of the congress had been kept in English prisons until then.

The first thing the cabinet did was to appoint a "commission of inquiry into the resources and industries of Ireland."

You might ask why this was done. Surely, you say, the English Government has had plenty of time in which to examine and report on the resources and industries of Ireland. Yes, it has. It has appointed commission after commission, has issued report after report. It has catalogued everything.

But—and this was a very large "but"—The people of Ireland weren't satisfied with these reports. They wanted their

own experts. They maintain that they can develop their own coal fields, peat bogs, water power and agriculture far more satisfactorily than they have been developed under English rule. They knew that to make a new survey of their own of all these things would require years, but, they said, we should worry about time. We are here to stay!

So the commission got to work at once. Its first job has been to make an exhaustive survey of the coal resources of Ireland. The job took two years. The report has just been published.

The total coal resources of Ireland, anthracite and bituminous, are estimated at *two billion* tons. Previous estimates placed them at half a billion tons!

The people of Ireland use very little coal for domestic purposes. They depend upon peat fuel, which grows at their doorsteps. If you want a fire, you simply step outside your own door and carve a chunk of fuel out of the ground. Therefore, at the present rate of Ireland's consumption of coal—about 5,000,000 tons yearly—the coal deposits of Ireland, if the Irish survey is accurate, will supply the nation for 400 years to come.

Until this report, the Irish had always believed what English and Welsh coal operators had told them—that they must depend upon imported coal. It may be true that the Irish coal is not of as high quality as that of coal-exporting nations, but, at the worst, they figure, it will be cheaper to mine and use it in Ireland than to import coal. All that is needed is capital to mine it.

There was not much of the dramatic about this work of the commission—although one might mention that when it went to hold its sessions in Cork in the city hall, a detail of British soldiers at once swooped down upon the building and drove them out at the rifle's point; and that when the members of the commission then withdrew to another building, they were chased out of that place also; and that since then it has collected all its statistics by dint of evading the vigilance of "the Military."

Imagine that dignified body, the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States, skipping about by back alleyways in order to conduct hearings without interruption from a body of scrapping Marines! And yet the Irish commissioners proved that it can be done. With dry humor, their official bulletin remarks: "For some time this obstruction continued, but the commission found little difficulty in circumventing the attempts to render its efforts abortive."

The gleeful game of hide-and-seek was well on its way. I used frequently to meet young Darrell Figgis, the secretary of the commission, on the streets of Dublin. Figgis, who collated the reports of the coal experts for publication, had been arrested so many times by the

British for his political opinions that they had grown tired of arresting him. And it was easy to "spot" him, too—he being adorned with a flaming red beard which he refused to sacrifice under any circumstances. Figgis is the originator of The Figgisian Theory, which is that empires must tremble before a bold front.

Elusive and triumphant as a mosquito, the Commission collected data and reported on the Irish dairy industry, the breeding of dairy cattle, the manufacture of industrial alcohol, and on the sea fisheries of Ireland, in addition to its report on the coalfields; the British giant

Tralee, a sizeable city in West Kerry, where they grow young men with square chins. When I first saw him he reminded me a bit of Ted Coy, who is remembered at Princeton and Harvard as well as at New Haven. And, like many an American football star, Austin Stack went into the practice of law and built up a lucrative business as a solicitor in his native county.

When he was arrested for his political opinions he was Minister for Home Affairs in the Irish Republican Government. The proposed establishment of Irish courts, in rivalry with the British courts in Ireland, fell within the province of his department. These courts were decreed by *Dail Eirann* in June, 1919, but not until May, 1920, after the veteran football star had made a sensational dash out of prison, were the details of the scheme worked out.

Try now to visualize the conditions under which this apparently mad project was to be carried out.

There were, on an average, 3,000 British soldiers and constables, the latter operating as troops, in each county in Ireland. They held the stone barracks in a hundred different centers; they swept along every country road in armored cars and armored motor trucks. There was not a public building in all Ireland in which a "rebel" meeting could be openly held.

Were the Irish overawed for a moment?

Well, in May, 1920, Austin

Stack announced that national arbitration courts were to be set up immediately by the Irish themselves; and, at the end of the following month, a land settlement commission (to decide all disputes about land) and a system of civil courts with jurisdiction in criminal cases were simultaneously established. Every Irishman might choose between them and the British courts. By the end of August, 1920, the new system

was in full operation all over Ireland.

In July the British military and civil authorities issued definite instructions to suppress these courts and the volunteer police who carried out their orders. In September, these courts began to be systematically broken up by the military whenever they could be discovered. Their judges and various others connected with their work were arrested. Some were placed in internment camps. Others fared even worse. Justice Crowley, who had acted as a circuit judge, was arrested and sentenced to twenty-one months in prison.

During the past year, therefore, these

((Continued on page 825))



"The British constables, operating as troops, swept along every road."

all the while making tremendous wallops at the pesky mosquito and striking heavily on thin air.

This was all well enough, but it didn't satisfy the 3,000,000 Irish who wanted their own government to get going, and get going quick.

So they instituted their own law courts.

If there was any one thing which rubbed the Irishman against the grain, it was that he could never enjoy a legal fight with another Irishman without taking it into a court which was not of Ireland's creating. "The British law courts, more than any other British institution, brought home to Irishmen the fact of British rule."

"We'll soon change that!" said Mr. Austin Stack, with a confident grin.

The mere fact that Austin Stack was behind the bars of a British prison when he made this cheerful prediction discouraged neither himself nor any of his constituents.

Austin Stack is the husky chap who captained the famous Kerry football team, years ago, when it licked every football team in all Ireland—and there seem to be more football teams in Ireland than in all America. His home was in



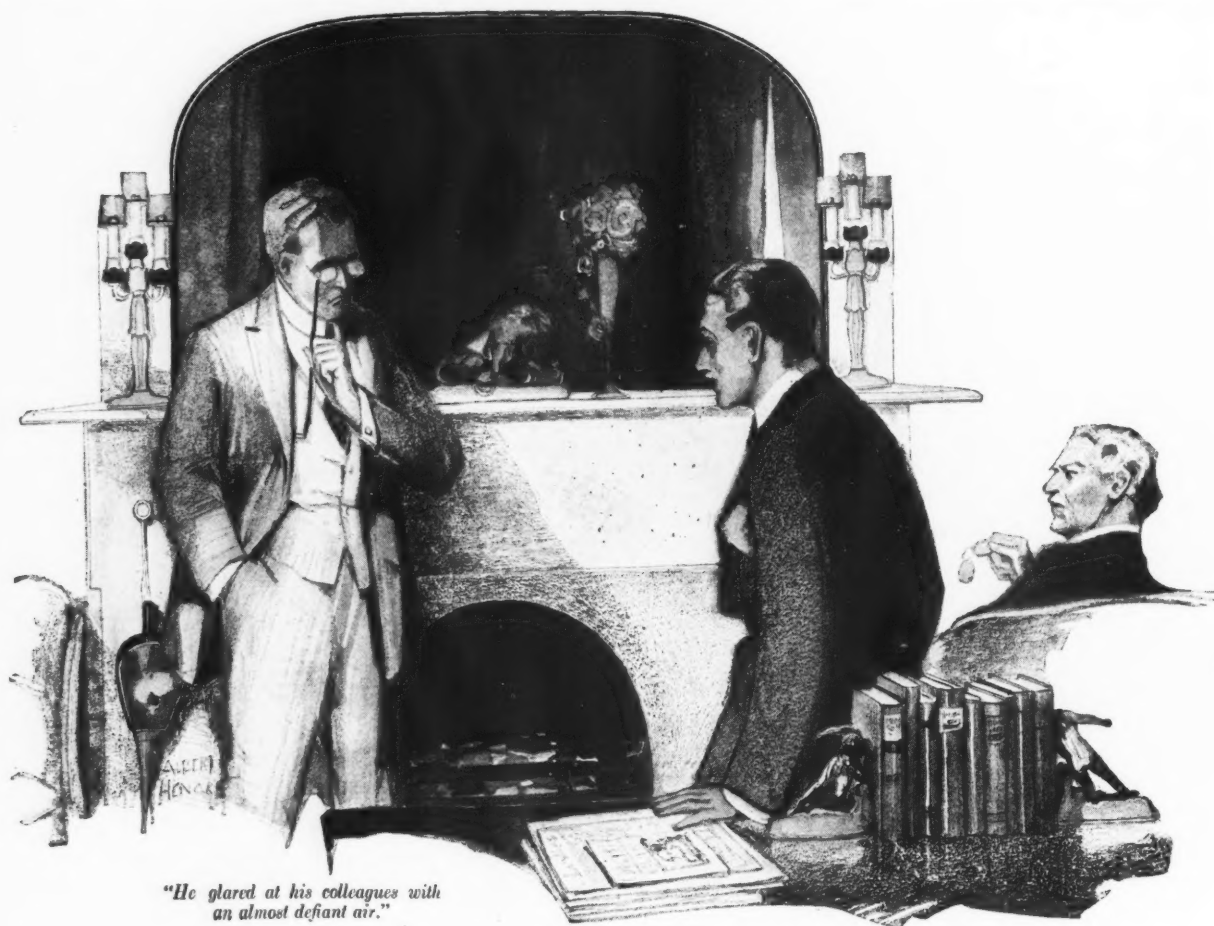
Austin Stack, the football star who invented some "trick plays" to outwit the British military."



Eamonn de Valera

Head of the Invisible Government That Has Functioned in Ireland

A character study by BOARDMAN ROBINSON



"He glared at his colleagues with an almost defiant air."

HALPHERSON'S EXPERIMENT

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by WILLIAM L. McPHERSON

Illustrations by ALBERT HENCKE

HALPHERSON, the famous professor of experimental physiology, tall and broad-shouldered, his hands thrust into his pockets, his back to the fireplace in his study, was addressing his two visitors—Jeffries, the anatomist, and Moffat, the biologist, both men of high reputation in Europe as well as in America. He had a massive head, a smooth-shaven face and short, silvery hair. He glared at his colleagues with an almost defiant air.

"I took the liberty of summoning you here this evening," he said in a measured voice, weighing each word, "to witness a hazardous and sensational experiment, which I didn't care to make alone. Vulgar minds might be affrighted at its boldness. But the results may be so beneficial to humanity that they override all other considerations. Let us pass into my laboratory, if you please."

They followed him, greatly perplexed. They were his intimates, as far as a man of his temperament could have any. That afternoon he had invited them to a mysterious rendezvous at 10 P.M., in a manner so brusque and imperious, that they had dropped everything else to come. But his singular and daring genius

always put them a little on their guard. His unscrupulousness in experimentation had already excited violent protest and his words this evening promised something exceptional.

High electric lamps flooded the vast laboratory, carefully sealed from the outside, with their raw clarity. In addition to the scientific paraphernalia with which they were familiar the two visiting savants saw with astonishment an inexplicable bath-tub, which was evidently being filled with warm water, because steam arose from it. Alongside it, on a stool, sat a man clad only in a shirt and a pair of drawers. He was livid. His body trembled. His wrists and ankles were shackled. Near him, and apparently keeping watch over him, was a stalwart negro. The latter was Halpherson's body servant, noted for his dog-like attachment to his master.

"Gentlemen," said Halpherson to his guests, "the man whom you see sitting there tried to murder me in the street last night. He came near finishing me. (The scientist opened his clothes and showed a long deep gash on the left side of his body.) But by a lucky blow to the chin I succeeded in putting him to

sleep, as the boxers say. I brought him in here with my servant's aid, for all this happened close to my door. When he regained consciousness I made him talk. His name is Wilson. He is a notorious criminal, already condemned to death. Somehow he had escaped prison and had avoided recapture. My duty as a citizen is to deliver him over to justice—that is to say, to execution. . . ."

These words were followed by a death-like silence. The fettered man shuddered. Halpherson began again:

"I have another project. You know the proposals I have made that the Government turn condemned men over to us for experimentation. Routine and prejudice have always prevented these proposals from being considered, and they have been so misunderstood that an undeserved discredit has been cast on my character and work. Well, since chance has put me in a position to deal freely with this Wilson, I have made a bargain with him. I will not deliver him to the police. I will pardon his attempt on my life. I will enable him to flee to any country which he may select and I will give him \$10,000 with which to start all over again, if he will agree to submit to

an experiment in which he risks his life.

"This is the situation. I have discovered a serum, which, I believe, can replace blood. It is, so to speak, an artificial blood, endowed, I hope, with vital properties equal, if not superior, to those of natural blood. I say that I hope, for I shall be sure only after a complete and definite test. I want to make that test with Wilson. I shall open the veins of his arm in the bath. When the blood has all run out, when he shall have been dead for several minutes, I shall inject my serum, which will replace his blood and start his organs again to functioning.

"If my discovery is worth all that I believe it to be worth, Wilson will perhaps come to life again. You will note that I say 'perhaps.' As in every first experiment, there are doubtless more chances against than for. But there are chances for, since I have the greatest confidence in my discovery. That is all I can say. So I have proposed to this man, already marked for legal execution, to take these chances and perhaps to be born again into a new life, which he will have won for himself through an easy and painless death. Wilson has understood and agreed. He will tell you that he has."

The chained man made an effort to spit.

"Yes," he said in a hollow voice, "I accept."

"But it is impossible, Halpherson, you can't think of it." (The biologist Moffat seemed thunderstruck.) "You are going to make yourself guilty of murder. Or if he comes through it you are going to turn a dangerous criminal loose on society."

"If I can come through" (the eyes of the condemned man lighted up with a savage resolution) "if I come through . . . *Bon Dieu*, I will work in the mines, if necessary. But I will lead a peaceable life."

"Undoubtedly," said Halpherson, "after what he has undergone he will have too much to fear of death to risk it again. And as to responsibility, I don't think the police will worry much over Wilson's disappearance. There remains only the question of conscience, my dear Moffat. Think it over. Stay or go. You are perfectly free."

There were some moments of tense silence. Moffat reflected.

"I'll stay," he said at last. "After all, he only risks an easy death in place of a horrible execution."

"And you?" the physiologist asked the other savant.

"Naturally, I'll stay. This falls within reason. I shall never desert you, Halpherson. And if you have found what you say you have—what a revolution in medicine! What consequences!"

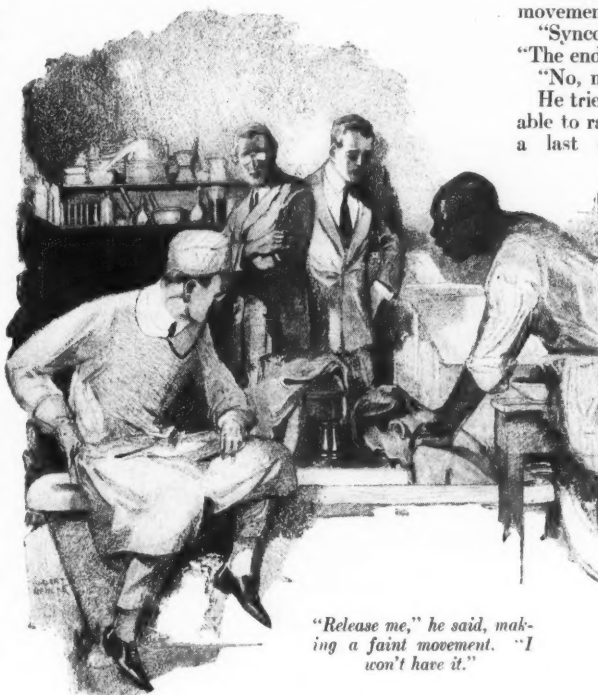
"That ought to encourage you," he added, addressing Wilson.

"When one is where I am he thinks only of himself," the man answered

huskily. "But I have a chance. And then electrocution—the chair—the death cap" (he shivered). "I prefer the bath."

When the man, with his hands unbound, was in the tub and held there by the fist of the black colossus pressing down upon his shoulders, Halpherson went up to him, took his left arm, bent it and made ready for the operation.

"Is your mind still made up?" the physiologist asked. "In a few minutes from now you can't turn back. It would



"Release me," he said, making a faint movement. "I won't have it."

be too late. You will be in the grip of science. The experiment, once begun, cannot be interrupted."

"Go ahead!" said the man.

He closed his eyes. His teeth chattered. Halpherson bent over the tub, with a lancet in his fingers. The patient gave a slight start. A thread of blood ran down his forearm. But Halpherson, already, had plunged the arm back into the warm water.

"You know what is going to happen, gentlemen," he said in his usual calm voice. "The pulse will become rapid. The arterial tension will be lowered. The subject will feel dizzy and faint and have a keen thirst. Syncope will follow."

He stopped speaking. With his thumb on the subject's right wrist he counted the pulsations. Then, with the aid of an instrument he measured the arterial pressure. The two spectators were deeply moved, despite their professional self-mastery. The negro, standing by, was machine-like in his obedience. Halpherson remained unperturbed. As to the man stretched in the bath tub, he hardly breathed now. His lips were pressed together. His eyes were closed. He seemed already dead.

The water grew redder and redder.

"The pulse is quicker and the pressure is lower," Halpherson murmured after a time.

"I am thirsty," Wilson said suddenly

in a hoarse voice that trembled.

They moistened his lips with lemon juice. Afterwards he groaned twice. The passing minutes seemed interminable.

"The pulse is getting faster," said Halpherson. "The pressure is weaker. The crisis is approaching."

"I am dizzy," a frightened voice muttered.

The condemned man had opened his dilated eyes. His face was waxen. His glance was vacant.

"Release me," he said, making a faint movement. "I won't have it."

"Syncope," murmured Halpherson. "The end."

"No, no," the man gasped.

He tried desperately to escape, but was able to raise himself only a few inches in a last convulsive effort. The negro pushed him down. He fell into the reddened water, his livid head rolling to one side.

"He is in a state of syncope," said Halpherson, straightening himself up. "He is bled white."

Jeffries, the anatomist, pushed forward.

"It is the end. Now let us take him out of the water, wait five minutes and then apply your serum. The poor devil had wonderful courage. I hope he pulls through. What glory for you, Halpherson, if the experiment succeeds!"

The physiologist smiled strangely.

"The experiment has succeeded," he answered tranquilly.

The others were nonplussed.

"Yes," Halpherson went on, with the same quiet smile. "I didn't tell you the truth, gentlemen. The experiment which we have made was not the one which I outlined. We have only made a study in auto-suggestion. . . ."

"In auto-suggestion?"

"Yes. Your presence in the laboratory, this bath tub, my bistoury and my remarks were simply stage play to impress the subject. I wished to make an experiment in nervous impressionability, if one may put it that way. The man you see has not been bled white, gentlemen. He only believed he was being bled white, as you two also did."

The physiologist took the inanimate subject's left arm, stained with red water, rubbed it clean and held it up to the light.

"See, there is no trace of blood here. I scratched the arm slightly with the point of my instrument and broke at the same time a vessel containing a warmed carmine fluid. A simple arrangement gradually colored the water in the bath-tub red. I suggested to the subject the symptoms of being bled white and he reproduced them, one by one."

"It is more complete than you think it is," said Professor Moffat. "The man is dead."

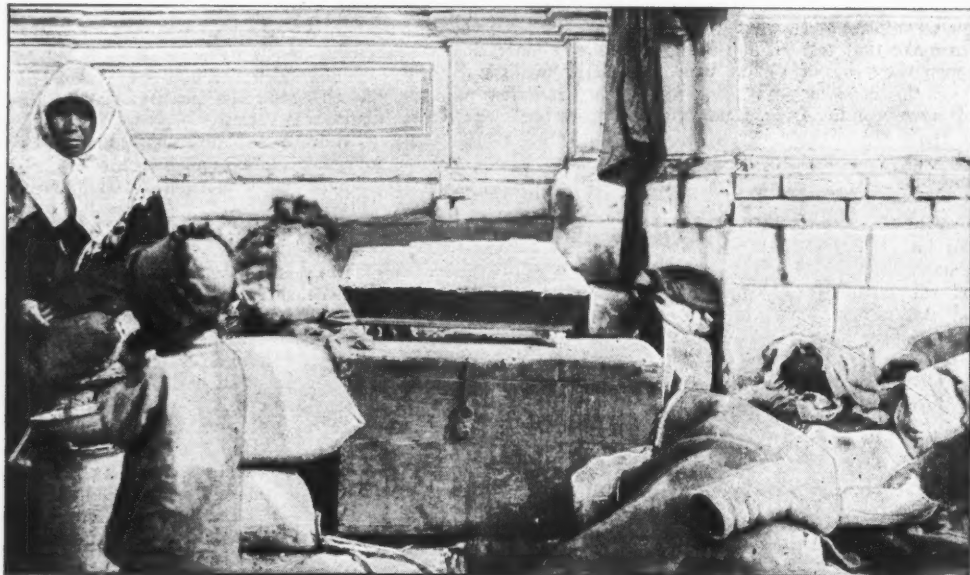
There was a dense silence.

"Bah! He was a murderer, already sentenced to death," murmured Jeffries between his teeth.

But Professor Halpherson was a little pale, all the same.

"MOTHER VOLGA"

By PAXTON HIBBEN, F.R.G.S.



"Close against the wall of the station at Samara I found a woman sitting beside a great, battered wooden chest that held all her worldly possessions, and on this chest was a tiny baby coffin."



A little Kazan Tartar boy who walked 600 miles to get away from hunger—and then didn't get away from it!

THE engine of the old war-battered motor car stalled on the slight hill of the road running up from Volga toward Kazan. Beside the road, sitting on the embankment, was a peasant, his elbows on his knees, looking straight before him, unsmiling, stolid, impassive. While the chauffeur cursed over his engine, we strolled over to the man.

"Well," said I, by way of beginning a conversation, "how is everything?"

The peasant turned his great, gray eyes on me appraisingly, and did not speak for a minute or two. Then he looked away.

"Oh, I don't know. Kind o' hard, I guess," he said, finally. Over in the parched field, scorched almost bare of even the roots of grass, I could see a wagon standing, loaded with a few wisps of hay, some blankets, a bundle of clothing and a few cooking utensils. Near by, a fire of dried twigs smoked and two women busied themselves with something in a pot, over the coals.

"I'd like to photograph your wagon," I said, moving toward it. The peasant followed. A grown girl stood up as we drew near, and the woman regarded us curiously. I motioned them all to the opposite side of the wagon and stepped around to put the sun over my shoulder. As I did so, I saw a horse lying on the ground. Emaciated to the last degree, a mere rack of bones, the horse was evidently dying. A boy, about twelve, was crouching at his head, sobbing with the long-drawn sobs of grief unabashed. The peasant stood looking down at the horse for a while, in silence. Then he turned to us.

"Kind o' hard," he repeated.

I got his story out of him little by little. They had come eighty miles to try to get to "Mother Volga," as the peasants call

the great river. But there had been little forage in the drought-stricken land, and the only horse he had left had grown weaker and weaker until now it was dying. The peasant did not know where he was going or what he would do when he got there—he only knew that back in Stary Vassilovka, where he lived, there was no food left.

A little later, when I returned along the same road, I passed the man, his wife and the girl hitched to the shafts dragging the wagon toward Samara. The boy was fast asleep on the hay.

IT IS like that everywhere along the Volga, now. The roads are filled with trekkers moving toward the river, and away from the parched and barren land. The horses are driven until they die, and then they are eaten, and the families tramp on afoot as best they can. Once I passed a great, strapping, fine-looking girl, trudging along the road, barefoot, and all alone. She was quite unafraid on the lonely road; but these days in Russia there is very little reason why a girl alone should be afraid. Once, also, I came upon a pathetic trio—a Tartar of Kazan, seventy

years old, and his son and grandson—with all their belongings on the boy's little toy wagon which the old man dragged behind him as gravely as if it had been a truck load of trunks. Occasionally, it was a camel that drew the wagon, his empty hump flopping from side to side.

When at last they come to the towns on the banks of "Mother Volga," the fleeing peasants are worse off than when they began their wanderings. Every vacant space in cities and villages of the Volga region is a camping ground for the peasants who have been pressed in from their farms by the fact that they have nothing to eat. There is neither work nor food nor shelter for them, and the



Refugee women at Syzran who were mobilized to clean up the railway yards where the refugees are encamped. For their work, which is not easy, they receive food and a little money.



"I passed a great, strapping, fine-looking girl trudging along the road, barefoot, and all alone."

local inhabitants, fearful of cholera, concentrate them on the outskirts of the towns, or along the river bank or in the neighborhood of the railway station. And it is in these camps that the immense tragedy of the calamity that has come upon these simple folk is revealed.

Close against the wall of the station at Samara I found a woman sitting beside a great, battered wooden chest that held all her worldly possessions, and on this chest was a tiny baby coffin. The woman sat there, looking out beyond the people huddled about her with unseeing eyes, docile and inarticulate. All around her played the living children of other women, crowded into an intimacy that left her no retirement for her grief. Sorrow, like life, is public on the banks of "Mother Volga" these days.

At Tsaritsin I tried to pick my way through a maze of human beings lying on the cobblestones, furniture, sewing machines, spinning wheels, bundles of clothing and babies, when suddenly I came upon a boy stretched on the bare flagstones. He was dying, and as his breath came in little, hoarse gasps, his mother was taking the ragged clothing from him, very gently, to cover a half-naked little girl, shivering from age. Through the crowd tottered a great, gaunt figure of a man with feet swollen to shapeless masses and the pallor of cholera on his sunken face. And over on a step of the station a man sat, a boy a year and a half old tugging at his father's torn coat, and a baby of four months awkwardly stretched crosswise of the

man's knees, sucking at a bit of watermelon rind. The mother lay under a comforter that had been mercifully pulled up to hide her staring, unclosed eyes. In the man's face was a vast helplessness. He kept looking down at the child he held so clumsily as if he were afraid of it—and I think he was afraid of it.

Every railroad station was like this. And at night, as our car lay in the railway yards, I could hear all night long the thin voices of the children through the open windows, saying over and over again:

"Djadja! Djadja, deyte koosokchok Kleyba, djadja!"



Refugees at Tsaritsin station who came down the Volga in boats and found, to their dismay, that they were worse off than ever.

"Uncle! Uncle, give me a little, tiny piece of bread—uncle!"
I think I shall hear that all my life.

THE thing that gets you is that you feel all the time that there is nothing you can do for it all. It is too big. Feeding a million children is not a drop in the bucket. And, also, it is too late. Three years ago, thousands of miles from the Volga and the simple, ignorant folk who live there knowing nothing of the world and very little of politics—and caring less—a number of people decided the "Bolsheviks" were dangerous animals and that a "Bolshevik" Russia was a menace to the civilized world. So to be done with "Bolshevism" once and for all they clapped an economic blockade on Russia and erected a sort of barbed wire entanglement against trade with Russia.

The only trouble with this was that it did not hit Lenine and Trotzky and the other communists against whom it was directed, but poor old Igor Kovznetzky, of Stary Vassilovka—he of the dying horse—and millions like him, who were not communists at all. In seven years what meagre farming equipment the Volga peasant had ever had—little enough in all conscience—had rusted and fallen to pieces, and the peasants could neither replace it nor get spare parts to repair it, because the world would not trade with Russia.

In seven years of war, the last three years of it largely staged in the Volga region, what horses the peasants had ever

had, had gone to draw field guns and army supply wagons. So year by year, Igor's plowing grew less and less and his furrows shallower and shallower (for one cannot run a deep furrow with too few horses to draw the plow), and when a drought finally struck the Volga country, there was nothing in the world that could save Igor's crop. What was worse, with both food and seed grain burned to a crisp, Igor knew that even if he had enough seed and to spare, he had no way of planting it—unless he made holes in the ground with his finger and stuck in each seed by hand.

The result of all of this was that when Igor and his fellow-dwellers in the lap of Mother Volga saw themselves caught in a trap with no escape save by packing up and leaving the land they loved and the home their ancestors had built, they did not turn and rend the Government in Moscow at all. They could not see what the Government in Moscow had to do with it. They just put the blakest curse they knew on those who had walled Russia about

and prevented the Russians from getting abroad what they needed in order to live. And that is why it is a mighty good thing that Herbert Hoover decided to send food and aid into Russia, and Americans as relief workers to feed the children and care for the sick and help out, generally, with big hearts and ready hands. For, after all, we in the United States do not really want to starve millions of women and children to death on account of anybody's political opinions.

And Igor and his neighbors, on the other hand, are sentimental people, and they do not forget. The cream of every development concession available in Russia to-day is at the call of the Swedes, because in the darkest hours of Russia after the Revolution, Sweden was her only friend.

(Continued on page 820)

HOW IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING



Very different this from the grim days in the Argonne back there in 1918. It is the great parade held in Kansas City during the recent convention of the American Legion.

OVER the throng of 10,000 that packs every seat in the vast high-ceilinged Convention Hall in Kansas City—where the third annual convention of the American Legion is assembled in final session—a sudden hush has fallen when a gong on the speakers' platform clangs sharply for order.

As if the director of a mammoth motion picture studio had just cried "lights on!" the slanting rays of a late afternoon sun have theatrically burst forth from behind a cloud bank and are shimmering down through the glazed west windows of the big hall like a battery of calciums. The standees that cluster at the back of the balcony aisles are silhouetted in the glare, and the little glazed pasteboard signs sticking up from the arena floor to mark the places of the delegations glitter with reflected light like bits of white enamel.

The tensest moment of the last afternoon of the big convention is at hand now, as the clerk steps forward to call the final roll of the delegations in a vote on the Legion's next national commander.

It is so quiet now—for the first time in three clamorous days that have been

given over mostly to jubilations and deafening welcomes—that here at the press tables I can hear my neighbors' pencils swishing swiftly over copy paper, and can make out a faint ticking of typewriters and telegraph keys from the lobby back of the speaking stands.

Thus far it has been a misnomer to call this international reunion of victorious veterans of the World War a "convention." Instead, it has been a noisy jubilee, buddy welcoming buddy, and then everyone joining lustily to welcome Marshal Foch and Admiral Beatty, Diaz of Italy and Jacques of Belgium, Pershing of the U. S. Army and Lejeune of the U. S. Marines, along with several civvie-clad ambassadors from the ex-service legions of Canada, England and France.

But at last the assembly really begins to look and act like a convention. The 1,070 delegates have begun to indulge in thunders of oratory and flashes of heat lightning, and everyone who has had the luck to get a seat is sitting on the edge of it.

The clerk bellows the first name on his

alphabetical roll of the seventy-five delegations—"Africa!"
Africa "passes."
"Alabama!"

"Alabama yields to Iowa!"

A roar of approval greets this. Iowa's popular candidate for commander is lauded to the rafters. He is one Hanford MacNider of Mason City, "up where the tall corn grows." In a crescendo of cheering the convention begins to "whoop 'er up" for MacNider.

"Alabama—Alaska—Arizona—Arkansas—Brazil—"

Poetry in those names. And a kind of catching rhythm.

"Canada—Canal Zone—Chile—China," the clerk is chanting, "Colorado—Connecticut—Cuba—"

It's a landslide for MacNider!



The "Blue" also attended the convention. And the "Blue" was well taken care of, too.

By the time the clerk is nearing the end of the roll the Washington and West Virginia delegates are caroling "MacNid-er!" in a community chorus; and finally Wyoming, in true cowboy style, whoops out:

"We—want—Mac-Nid-er!"

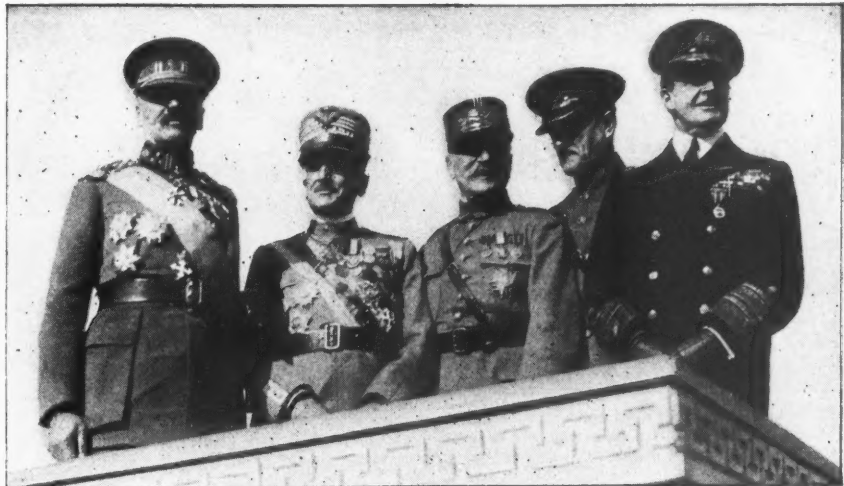
Moved then that we make it unanimous—quickly seconded—and now the whole 10,000 in the great hall are on their feet shouting.

By this time the Iowa delegates have all gone demented. They rush screaming toward the platform, a big "IOWA" banner in advance, and bear their victorious candidate up the steps and to the front and center of the platform.

Hanford MacNider bows to ear-splitting applause. Quiet again. Then he launches into his speech of acceptance. A short speech and simple, in crisp, plain, soldierly delivery.

He is a husky football player type, clad in a gray business suit, brassard on the left arm. A young fellow, just turned thirty-two, with blonde hair, a square jaw, carriage as military as Pershing's and a smile like Doug Fairbanks'. The Legion knows him well—for he has been a candidate (once unwillingly) twice before. Knows him as a fighting man who won his way up, grade by grade, in overseas service, from the rank of second lieutenant in August, 1917, to lieutenant-colonel and acting commander of his regiment by the time the American Army was pushing its way through the Argonne Forest in October, 1918.

The Legion knows, too, that he was wounded at St. Mihiel, that he has been decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross for valor, the Legion of Honor of France, the Croix de Guerre (five citations) and with medals from Italy and Belgium.



DOUBLEDAY

The five great leaders who went to Kansas City to help make the convention the success that it was. They are (left to right): General Jacques, of Belgium; General Diaz, of Italy; General Foch, of France; General Pershing, and Admiral Beatty.



DOUBLEDAY

This was one of the features of the parade. Flanked by husky veterans the enormous flag was carried through the streets of Kansas City.

The Legion knows also that he won these honors in a famous fighting outfit, for he served with the Second Division, and that his regiment was the Ninth U. S. Infantry, which, along with the doughboys of the Twenty-third, fought elbow to elbow beside the famous Fifth and Sixth U. S. Marines, all the way from the banks of the Marne to the other side of the Meuse.

When the war ended, Lieut.-Col. Hanford MacNider went back to his old home town of Mason City, Ia., and there organized a million-dollar trust company, of which he is now the president. So both in peace and in war he is a young man who knows how to lead other men and how to get things done.

Without the slightest oratorical flourishes, the new commander is telling the convention now his views upon the duty and the policies of the American Legion:

"The Legion must build itself," he declares, "so big and fine and strong, and keep itself so clean and straight and

American that when it asks for certain things—legislation for ex-service men and women and policies in their behalf—our communities will feel that if the Legion is for a thing it must be right. With that responsibility to our country and to every man and woman who wore our country's uniform in the World War, we start a new Legion year with pride in the Legion's past achievements, ambitions to serve and keep serving to fulfill the great obligations lying before us.

"This Convention has outlined four great issues to fight for—law and order, immediate relief of the disabled, Americanism and adjusted compensation—and we shall fight for them."

The convention earnestly applauds; then proceeds to further business. The rest of that business takes up several hours, and is not of much importance to us here.

But that brief statement of the Legion's commander, and the fact that the convention earnestly applauded it, is matter

of the gravest concern to all of us. Any citizen would do well to read over that statement carefully, two or three times. Every politician should study it until he can almost repeat it word for word.

Why? Because it means exactly what it says, and all that it says; and because it states the policy of an organization which, if it so chose, could shape the political destinies of America for another generation. Consider a few of the potentialities involved:

If history should repeat itself, as it has a way of doing, it is quite possible, for example, that for the next forty years, beginning with the Presidential campaign of 1924, only one candidate without a military record may succeed in getting residence in the White House. And the office of the Presidency is chosen here only as the most conspicuous token of the governmental influence that a powerful association of war veterans can wield.

"Absurd!" you think? Particularly in a pacifistic nation?

But it happened once before, and not so long ago. It also might happen again if the American Legion should choose to emulate the G. A. R. So let's suppose. For the moment let's try to forget all party labels and personal likes and dislikes—for the writer has no purpose here but to suggest a parallel from history. What would you say to the possibility of such a Presidential succession as follows?

General Pershing.....	two terms
General Wood.....	one term
General Edwards.....	one term
General Dawes.....	one term
A Civilian.....	one term
U. S. Grant, 3d.....	one term
That Civilian again.....	one term
A Doughboy Major.....	two terms
A Cavalry Colonel.....	two terms

That fanciful parallel, as you soon shall see, is drawn closely from the records of the line of Presidents of the United States for the forty years from 1868 to 1908.

The Presidential administration immediately following the close of the Civil War found an ex-State Governor, who never had served as a soldier, sitting in

(Continued on page 819)



In the movie which has a far northern setting the hero frequently journeys in this fashion, slaying enemies and protecting fair ladies as he plunges into the heart of the romance-filled wilderness. This particular picture,

however, is not from a motion picture production. It was snapped on the trail in the vicinity of one of the Hudson's Bay Company's 155 fur posts which are scattered from the Arctic to the United States Boundary.

JACK FROST'S GIANT BUSINESS PARTNER

By WALTER NOBLE BURNS

YOU drive for miles in a fragrant silence through solid walls of wilderness. Forests of evergreen, spruce, fir, tamarack, hemlock, hem in the road. A lynx slinks like a gaunt shadow across the trail. A blue grouse booms out of the underbrush. For miles and miles only the same interminable trees, the same fragrant silence.

You say to yourself, "At the next turn, I'll find a farm house." You have never been far away from humanity before. You do not understand this aloofness of the wilderness. The idea of the nearness of human beings remains at the back of your brain. But at the next turn and the next you look ahead through the same solid walls of forest.

You realize with a sense of shock that there are no people within miles, nothing but aboriginal wilderness for a thousand leagues. These forests sweep unbrokenly to Arctic tundras. The vastness of the solitude fills you with eerie fancies. You feel like a timid swimmer who has ventured beyond his depth and finds fifty fathoms of sea beneath him.

You burst, at last, into a wide clearing. A group of log buildings rises before you—a central residence, a big store, and about them smaller houses connected by a picket fence neatly white-washed. The fence is the modern successor of a pioneer palisade. Beyond, a lake sparkles in the sun. This is Fort St. James, a Hudson's Bay Company fur post in Canada. You are in the heart of the far, fur country.

It is October. A powder of snow is over the ground. White and Indian trappers are making ready to set out for the trapping grounds. To-morrow the Indian village about the fort will be

deserted, except for some old squaws and children. The trapping season opens November 1.

Indians crowd the company store, stocking up on canned goods, bacon, flour, tea. They pack their cargoes on horses with bells around their necks. They trek off with shouts and laughter into the forest. You watch the gay cavalcades disappear in the green twilight beneath the trees. An Indian girl waves at you. You feel like joining in the big adventure. The virus of the wilderness has entered your veins. The lure of the trapping grounds beckons to you.

There is an interesting group gathered about the roaring log fire in the residence

long; sometimes straight, sometimes laid in a circle; sometimes in two circles running from a central cabin and forming a figure eight. Circular and figure-eight lines obviate the necessity of back-tracking. Often the trapper has eight or ten little cabins that a good woodsman can knock together in a day.

Starting out in the morning to inspect his traps and find what luck the night has brought him, he will mush fifteen or twenty miles a day on his snow-shoes and sleep in the cabin nearest when darkness falls. Sometimes all the traps on the day's segment of line will contain an animal—sometimes all of them will be empty. He will consider himself lucky if he catches two or three animals a day.

Though he lives all alone for five months in a snow-bound wilderness, he is too busy to feel lonesome. His life is a gamble; it has about it the fascination of a game of chance. The animals he hunts are cunning, wary; their wild-wood wisdom seems to verge on human reason. He must pit his wits against theirs. He must study his country. He must be able to interpret the myriad hieroglyphic messages the feet of the furry tribes write upon the snow. He must seek out the runways and set his steel-jawed ambushes with strategy and generalship. He must use this kind of bait for one

animal and that kind for another. His lures must be tempting and at the same time adroitly concealed. Taking a wild animal in its native haunts is no job for a fool.

The animals that make Canada one of the richest fur-producing countries in the world are the silver, white, blue, cross and red fox; beaver, marten, fisher, otter, mink, muskrat, lynx, wolverine,



W. N. BURNS FROM INTERNATIONAL

The Hudson's Bay Company has a chain of department stores extending across Western Canada. Every one of them represents the evolution of an old fur post. Who, years ago, would have dreamed that this handsome structure—a store in Vancouver—would some day rise in place of the rude little hut, where the Indians once traded with the whites?

at night—the Scotch manager, his blooming wife, men employed at the Fort, veteran trappers grown gray in the company's service. You listen avidly to trapping tales. These old wood rangers are deeply wise in the lore of the wilderness.

You learn with surprise that a trapper operates from 200 to 600 traps. His trap lines are from fifty to two hundred miles

weasel (ermine), wolf, coyote, skunk, raccoon, black and grizzly bear. With the exception of bear and wolf, all of these are to be found a few miles beyond the edges of the farmlands and many of them, especially muskrat, red fox and skunk, are abundant in thickly settled areas. If the animals are trapped out in one region, they quickly become numerous again when the trappers move on to new fields. The Far North, whose gates of ice are locked against civilization, will remain an inexhaustible source of fur supply until the end of time. There is no danger that the fur trade will ever die.

The end of the trapping season in the spring is a busy and picturesque time at the Hudson's Bay fur posts. Whites and Indians come trooping back from the trapping grounds. Little caravans of pack-horses loaded with pelts emerge from the woods. Fleets of canoes heaped to the gunwales with pelts are homeward bound on lakes and rivers. Dog sleds, piled high with furs, tinkle on every trail.

Now the manager of the post, who might once have been called a factor, must show the stuff that is in him. Every pelt must pass under his eye and hand. He must be a shrewd judge of furs. Every mistake he makes is a loss to the company; every bargain he drives is so much profit. A silver fox pelt may be worth \$70 or it may be worth \$1,000. He must know its exact value. Other skins vary much in quality. He must know the shades and nuances of value in them all and the price to pay to insure the company a fair margin of profit. A trapper who has had a lucky season brings out of the woods as a result of his five months' work from \$2,000 to \$7,000 worth of furs.

The Hudson's Bay Company to-day has 155 fur posts throughout Canada. This is a greater number than it ever had before in its existence. They are scattered from the Arctic to the United States boundary and from the Atlantic to the Pacific in whatever region, near or far, furs are to be taken. Fort McPherson and Arctic Red River are farthest north. The southernmost is North Bay



A trapper's hut. Says Mr. Burns on the preceding page: "You will learn with surprise that a trapper operates from two hundred to six hundred traps. His trap lines are from fifty to two hundred miles long; sometimes straight, sometimes laid in a circle; sometimes in two circles running from a central cabin and forming a figure eight."



Baling furs at a post that is far from "everything that goes with evening clothes." The Hudson's Bay Company still ships enormous quantities to London, where semi-annually they are auctioned off. Last year furs were in great demand in the United States, Canada and England, and prices went soaring.

in Ontario. Labrador, Ungava, the vast hinterland of Quebec, Ontario and the northern portions of Manitoba. Saskatchewan and Alberta are dotted with posts that fly the Company's banner.

Fifteen encircle Hudson Bay. Two are in Baffin Land north of Hudson Straits. From Edmonton to the Arctic more than two dozen are scattered along the Peace and Athabasca Rivers, Athabasca, Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes and the Mackenzie Valley. The fur country entrenches upon the very heart of civilization. There are Hudson Bay fur posts within a hundred miles of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg.

Montreal is the transatlantic shipping point for the furs collected at all the Company's posts. The Company still ships enormous quantities of furs to the semi-annual auctions in London. With prevailing prices, its profits from its fur trade last year were greater than in any other year of its history. That is the answer to all who have thought the fur trade a dying industry.

The great American public's ideas of the Hudson's Bay Company have been gathered chiefly, perhaps, from the movies. The vast majority of the people in the United States have no knowledge of the glories and achievements of the old wilderness monarch and only a vague conception of its present-day activities. For these the Company stands only as an embodiment of the romance of the fur trade and they associate it nebulously with half-breed trappers, dog sleds, snow-bound log cabins and other picturesque properties of the cinema drama.

The Hudson's Bay Company is 251 years old. Its charter was granted by King Charles II in 1670. For 200 years it was a sort of incorporated nation governing a private empire as an absolute monarch. At the climax of its dominion and power, it ruled over three-fourths of the North American continent. The country actually owned by the Company or under the domination of its far-flung fur posts extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from

(Concluded on page 816)



A Hudson's Bay Company's post. The great fur trading concern is 251 years old. King Charles II granted it its charter in 1670. For about 200 years it was a sort of incorporated nation governing a private em-

pire as an absolute monarch. At one time it controlled over three-fourths of the North American continent. The country under its domination extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Arctic to lower California.

IN CANADA'S SILENT PLACES

WHE



He should worry about the cares and responsibilities which come to most of us mortals! This trapper is off—with his pack train—for a winter in the fur country!

Fresh from the trap. A trapper frequently "mushes" from 15 to 20 miles on his snowshoes during the day to see what unfortunates he has caught.



When women chance to be about they prepare gentler sex are few and far between, however,



Far up in the Hudson Bay district the Esquimaux are doing their bit to keep the world supplied with furs. Those shown here are using "kyaks" to get their pelts to market.

The man who took this picture didn't have a gun; otherwise there would have been one less moose in the world about the time this was made.



WHERE THEY GET MILADY'S FURS



Even the movie man, who likes nothing better than to stick his hero, his heroine and half a dozen villains in a cold spot, far, far to the north, couldn't conjure up a prettier bit of "business" than this. Neither of the play-mates is a film star.



Bringing the furs out of the wilderness. The "silent places" are wonderful; but, for all that, trappers look forward to their return to market, civilization and summer.



UNDERWOOD
An Indian guide. Thanks to Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Henry Van Dyke and a score of other writers, it is unnecessary to say anything more.

about they prepare the pelts. Members of the between, however, where the trapping is best.



Homeward bound after a visit to the fur post. Those who find these snapshots interesting should read Mr. Burns's article (beginning on page 808) on the Hudson's Bay Company.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Readers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. We are glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN CARS

IT WAS not so many years ago that the foreign cars practically controlled the high-class automobile market in this country. To own a Renault, a Mercedes, a Fiat, a Daimler, a Hotchkiss, a Delauney-Belville, a Clement-Bayard, or any of the other foreign-sounding names was to possess what many considered the ultimate in motoring.

To-day we find but few of these cars on our city or country roads. The Rolls-Royce, one of the most popular of the foreign makes, is now built in this country by English workmen from patterns brought over from the parent factory. Hence the foreign car has had its day, but the popularity which it enjoyed a few years ago was justified by the superior workmanship, advanced design and greater engineering skill which entered into its construction and resulted in all around better performance. To-day, the tables are reversed and we find that American methods of accurate production by machinery, our willingness to profit by experience and to improve design wherever possible have made the home-bred car the acme of perfection.

To be sure, a high protective tariff and the cessation of all importation during the war may have accelerated these conditions, but American ingenuity was bound sooner or later to dominate the automobile market.

There is, however, another reason for the absence of the foreign car on this side of the water. The few examples which we see bring to our mind visions of high-powered, ponderous machines requiring several blocks to reach their desired speed but able to roll up hill and down dale with a luxury and certainty of reaching their destination that was all-too-seldom a feature of American motor car performance fifteen years ago.

As a matter of fact, however, the average foreign car could not now be sold in this country. Our conceptions of the standard type of across-the-water design are incorrect. What we see over here are the exemplifications of but a minute percentage of foreign production. Instead of the "high-powered" ponderous machine that we believe the foreign automobile to be, the opposite is the case, for your typical French, British, Italian or German automobile is now of small horse power, short wheel base, light weight and high price.

Motoring conditions abroad are totally different from those in this country; gasoline is tremendously high in cost—from three to five times what we pay at our own roadside filling stations; roads are smooth and wide; long, steep grades are scarce; cities and villages are close together; and one family out of

about 200 or 300 owns an automobile as against one family out of every two or three in this country.

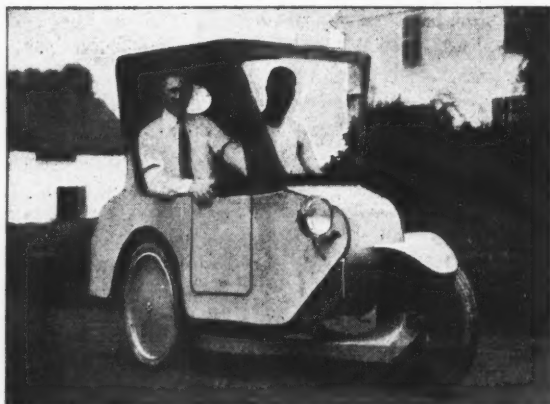
These marked differences in conditions

plished by the interposition of additional speeds or gear changes. In consequence, practically every motor car used in England and on the Continent employs a four-speed transmission. The average European driver does not hesitate to shift gears when the occasion arises. He looks upon his power plant as most efficient at certain speeds and does not expect it to carry his car from two miles an hour to sixty without gear shift manipulation. For this reason the foreign car would attract but little popularity in this country, where the luxury of accomplishing everything within the range of car performance "on high" has spoiled the average driver for manual manipulation.

Another condition existing abroad which has created a totally different type of engine design is the high taxation imposed on motor cars on the basis of power. Power is figured principally by a computation involving the bore, or the diameter of the cylinders, of the

engine and eliminating the length of the stroke. In consequence, these engines are of small bore and long stroke. So extreme has this condition become that what we might term a long stroke in this country would be looked upon as an absurdly short stroke on Continental automobiles. The vogue of the light car is best exemplified by the fact that in England alone there are more motorcycles and side cars in use than automobiles, thus again reversing the conditions prevailing in this country. From the motorcycle and side car to the three or four-wheeled cycle car, employing a one, two or four-cylinder air-cooled engine is but a step, and to-day we find in England and in Europe the most popular type of car to be that which we discarded on this side of the water some five or six years ago. In all fairness to the British and European cycle car and light car, however, it should at once be understood that this car represents far more advanced engineering design and manufacturing honesty than was found during the cycle-car epidemic in this country six years ago.

It is but natural that local conditions should create the design of motor car which will best conform to those conditions. Therefore, until we have dollar per gallon gasoline, universally good roads and an average income per family as low as that found abroad, we cannot expect the typical foreign car to make any headway in this country.



KEYSTONE

No, this is not a motorcycle rigged up but a genuine "two-passenger" automobile, complete in every detail. It weighs under 150 pounds, its lightness being due to the fact that it is made almost entirely of aluminum alloy and magnesium metal. It has a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour, and travels seventy miles on a gallon of gasoline, it is claimed. Its inventor is C. H. Martin, of Springfield, Mass.

have brought about totally different type of engine and car design. Because of the high price of gasoline engines are made small and with amazing accuracy in order to produce a high gasoline mileage. Thirty to thirty-five miles per gallon on the other side would be considered atrocious waste. Consequently, starting with a small power plant which must give high speed in order to take advantage of

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why an exhaust valve opens considerably before the bottom of the stroke and closes after the end of the upward stroke?
2. Which warms the quicker, the thermosiphon or the pump system of water circulation?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. What is the meaning of a "90 degree V" engine and a "60 degree V" engine?

This refers to those engines of the eight or twelve cylinder type in which the cylinders are cast in two separate blocks planed at an angle of each other and operated on the same crankshaft. The "90 degree V" means that the two sets of cylinders are set at right angles. "60 degree V" means that the blocks are swung closer together.

2. What is a fabric universal joint?

A universal joint is any coupling which permits of the transmission of rotary power at a varying angle and is different from a bevel gear in which the angle must be fixed. Originally, Universal joints were composed of two or more hinge-like pieces of metal, but recently those employing heavy disks of specially-treated fabric have been employed to some extent. This fabric gives the desired flexibility and yet retains sufficient strength to twist a steel shaft without rupturing the fabric itself.

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

HARK, WAS THAT BABY?
THE Premier of England, one David Lloyd George, reminds us in some respects of a young mother. The young mother is always saying in response to invitations: "Thanks awfully; I'd love to come, but you know I can't leave baby. He might wake up and cry, and I would never forgive myself if anything happened to him while I was away." Even when entertaining in her own home, the young mother periodically interrupts the conversation (or the dispute over the bridge game, or the ensemble of the phonograph) to say: "Hark! Is that Gerald crying?" Or, "Wilbur, will you run upstairs and see if baby's all right, and that he hasn't smothered himself with the spread." Lloyd George is that way about the British Empire. If he breaks away from Downing Street and comes to Washington to participate in the Arms Conference, sessions of the latter must expect interruptions. Something on this order is what we mean:

Secretary Hughes: As I said in my opening address, the way to disarm is to disarm. It doesn't do a particle of good to— What is the matter, David?

Lloyd George: Will you-all be quiet just for a minute? I thought I heard

A Japanese Delegate: I suppose we may as well adjourn for chop-sticks. Oh, he's coming back!

Secretary Hughes (*sympathetically*). Was it Ghandi?

Lloyd George: No, it was De Valera. I called up home and the maid says he's been crying for over an hour. Nothing she can do seems to satisfy him. Little Unemployed is also awake and upset about something. Really, I'm afraid I shall have to leave. I'm terrible sorry, but I suppose I shouldn't have come. You know it's the first time I ever left them really alone.

Elihu Root: Is there anything we can do? Get out a temporary injunction restraining them from crying; something practical like that?

Lloyd George: Oh, no, thank you. They'll be all right. They'll go right off to sleep again just as soon as I get there. They always do. Good-by!

The Whole Conference: Good-by! Good-by! We hope you will find everything all right.

Balfour: Too bad. I know just how he feels.

Hughes: Well, as we were saying—



"Hark! Is that Gerald crying?"

Warning city stranger (in sideboards, puttees and riding crop) to "leave my little gal alone."

Sleeping in tipped arm-chair under apple tree in full blossom.

Winding worsted muffler about throat (*optional*).

Unwinding muffler. (*Optional*).

Ordering daughter out into the storm. Cursing city stranger.

Ignore crops, with possible exception of hay. Bring in one load of latter.

Go to well for drink from bucket.

Mop brow with back of hand.

* * *

WHY do they plan to "scrap" battleships; why can't battleships be used for some peaceful purpose? So asks an innocent bystander. Well, a drunkard, resolving to cut out the liquor, *could* keep his bottle of whiskey in the medicine closet and use it externally for an occasional alcohol rub. He *could* do that, we say; but he doesn't trust himself. So he breaks the bottle to splinters with a fine display of righteous zeal. Maybe the reason why nations "scrap" battleships instead of diverting them to some peaceful purpose, is that they don't trust themselves, either.

* * *

THE Owl and the Pussycat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat. "Others will follow us," with much satisfaction observed the Owl, "but the credit for beginning this South Sea Island stuff belongs exclusively to you and me. I set our course straight for Tahiti and this is it."

* * *

THE cost of a single capital ship, it is pointed out, would be sufficient to endow a great university. And at a properly endowed university, the Scientific Department might perfect a score of improvements in gas and chemical bombs.



"Leave my little gal alone!"

little Ulster crying? The child was a bit restless when I left. . . . No, I fancy it was my imagination. Excuse me. As you were saying?

Secretary Hughes: Oh, it was of no consequence. I had about finished.

Briand: And you put the case admirably. Navies undoubtedly should be curtailed. France hasn't much of a navy. Armies, on the other hand, if Germany is to be—*Now* what?

Lloyd George: Pardon, but if you don't mind I think I'll just step over to the radio station and listen. I thought I heard Ghandi in India. I really shouldn't have left him, he's been so unwell lately. Won't eat, or anything.

LIFE ON A FARM

(As visualized by those who get their ideas from the movies)

SITTING on back porch watching cows come home.

Going to well for drink from bucket.

Laughing at stray pig stepping in milk pan.

Keeping time to strains of "Old Dan Tucker," played by hired man.

Frowning at city stranger, suspected of loving daughter.

Sitting on back porch, watching mother feed a million chickens.

Stroking collie.

Going to well for drink from bucket.

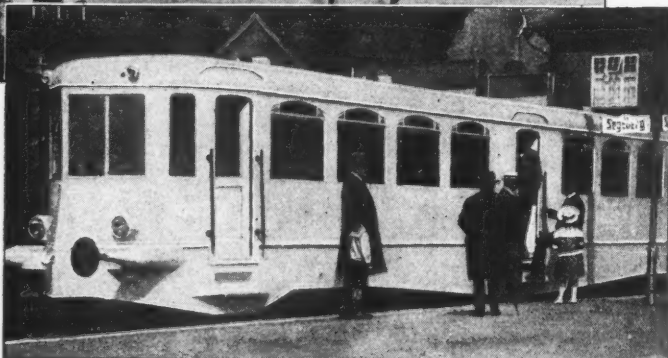
NEWS THAT PICTURES TELL



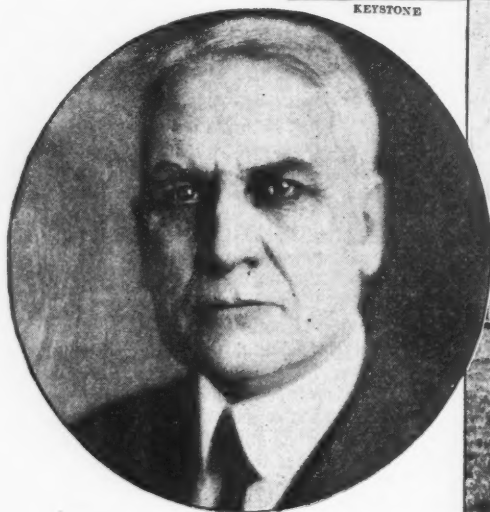
UNDERWOOD
Armistice Day marchers passing the New York Public Library, on Fifth Avenue. The service which accompanied the burial of the Unknown Soldier in Washington was participated in by thousands of New Yorkers who gathered in the vicinity of huge voice amplifiers and heard every word uttered in the Capital.



UNDERWOOD
This is an Englishman. His attitude is extremely interesting, isn't it? What do you think he is doing? No, you are wrong. He might be taking a drink—but he isn't. He is doing something much less entertaining than that. He is blowing a horn to call off the "beaters" during some recent kennel club trials overseas.



This apparently new and quite up-to-date trolley car, now seeing service in a German city, is made entirely out of material gleaned from the great piles of cut up tanks, gun carriages and other seemingly useless war material now reposing at Kiel. All over Germany other equally useful things are being made.

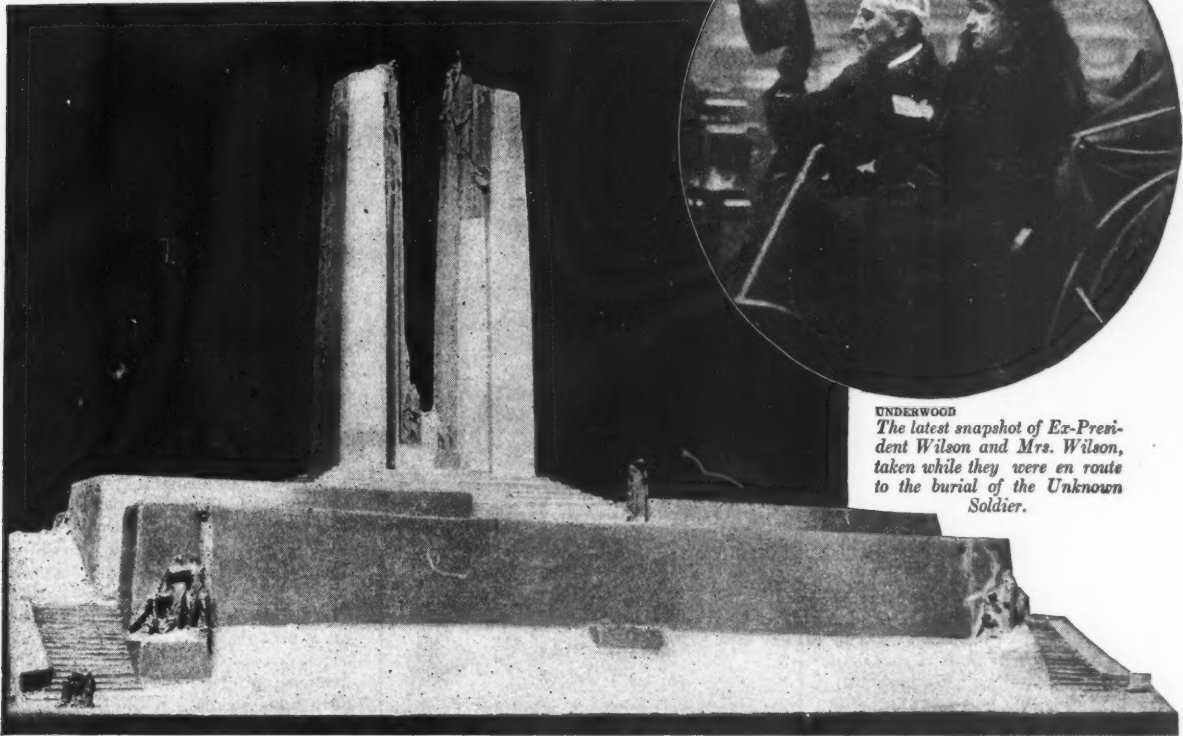


KEYSTONE
No, this is not President Harding. It is, instead, Scott Seaton, of Berkeley, Cal., who recently impersonated our Chief Executive in a moving picture production made in one of the prominent cinema studios located in Los Angeles, California. Mr. Seaton, who is 65 years old, was once an actor.



UNDERWOOD
Little "incidents" of this sort are what make steeplechasing one of the most thrilling of sports. This particular spill occurred during the running of a race at Sandown Park, England. The jockey, as the snapshot shows, was thrown clear; and the horse, "Speedy Cut," came through without a scratch, although they provided a momentary flash of tense excitement for the onlookers who lined that section of the racecourse. A riderless horse that finishes ahead of the field is disqualified.

CAMERA SHOTS FROM HERE AND THERE



UNDERWOOD

The latest snapshot of Ex-President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, taken while they were en route to the burial of the Unknown Soldier.

KEYSTONE



KEYSTONE

When Mme. Herminie Mendy had this picture taken in New York the other day she was wearing exactly \$800,000 worth of jewels. She didn't go walking on the Avenue, but stayed at the "America's Making" pageant, where five detectives snooped about to see that nobody kidnapped her. The particular features of her costume were loaned by a Fifth Avenue jeweler.

Canada is going to build a magnificent memorial to her dead at Ypres, where her loss was greatest. A Canadian sculptor, Walter S. Allward, has made the above model, which has been accepted by the Government. At the base of what represents an impregnable wall of defense are the defenders. Above are the mouths of guns covered with olive and laurels. On the wall stands an heroic figure of Canada brooding over the graves of her valiant dead. Below is a grave with a helmet, laurels, etc., and behind her stand two pylons, symbolizing the French and the Canadians, between which is the Spirit of Sacrifice. Looking up they see the figures of Peace, Justice, Truth, Knowledge, etc., for which they fought, chanting the hymn of peace for all the world to hear.



FRED G. MILLIKEN

This picture was taken during a recent visit by members of the American Legion who saw service in France to Maine's frontier reservation of Passamaquoddy Indians. Governor Soper Mitchell is seen standing at the extreme left. He was elected last fall and will serve as his people's leader for four years. His salary will be even \$50 annually. During the great war the Passamaquoddy tribe furnished twenty-five soldiers, of whom six lost their lives. The members of the Passamaquoddy tribe are living to-day at Pleasant Point and on Lewis Island, on the beautiful Passamaquoddy Bay. There are only a few of them left; and each year (as in the case of all Indian tribes) their numbers decrease, thanks to the deadly work of the white man's civilization.

Jack Frost's Giant Business Partner—(Concluded from page 809)

the Arctic to the Spanish settlements in California.

Rooted in ancient usages and traditions, a seventeenth century institution surviving in the nineteenth, it remained unchanged in two centuries of change. Then civilization swept westward in a sudden tidal wave. Settlers swarmed over the prairies. The old beaver country became a land of farms. Where the buffalo pastured, towns and cities arose. The transformation of Western Canada was almost magical.

But the Company had been born a fighter and a fighter it remained. The conqueror of the wilds viewed the encroachments of civilization only as a new field for conquest. The old sagagiant of the North threw off the shackles of ancient tradition and seventeenth century formulas and buckled into the battle against the new conditions of the new age.

It surrendered its imperial sovereignty to Canada. That was its first great change in preparation for the new day. It increased the number of its fur posts and plunged deeper into remote and untrapped fastnesses. That was its defiant challenge to the fur-trade rivals that swarmed about its heels. It developed its old fur-post stores in the cities that had sprung up about them into modern department stores. That was its answer to swarming civilization that had swept away its empire. And across the counters of these stores, civilization is paying for the Hudson's Bay Company's vanished empire to-day.

As the proprietor of a chain of department stores extending across Western Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company is now one of the greatest retail merchants in the Dominion. It has department stores in Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Lethbridge, Macleod, Kamloops, Nelson, Vernon, Yorkton and Victoria. Every one of these stores represents the evolution of an old fur post. It was in its post stores the Company learned its first lessons in merchandising. There is only a shade of difference between selling a squaw a bolt of gaudy calico or a string of glass beads and selling milady of fashion a pearl necklace or a gown from Paris.

The Company's name is a great asset to its stores. Its romantic associations lay their spell upon the imagination. Especially to visitors from other countries is the name a fascination and the doors seem an invitation to a storyland of new Arabian Nights. The simplest articles, a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, a necktie, when bought across Hudson's Bay counters somehow seem invested with a glamor unknown to the wares of other merchants.

If you look into the street windows of a Hudson's Bay store, you will find them filled with all sorts of goods, but it will strike you as singular that in the window displays of the world's greatest fur company no emphasis is laid on the exploitation of furs. This seems puzzling. You step into the store and "Have you any furs?" you ask. "Cer-

tainly," replies the floor manager and escorts you to the fur department. There, if you are a connoisseur, you revel in the sight of gorgeous furs and thrill deliciously to the feel of them as you rub your palm softly over the deep, rich nap. Here you are jubilantly confident wonderful bargains await you. And why not? You visualize the Company as transferring furs from the backs of the animals to the backs of its customers

without middlemen's profits and you naturally expect quality at bargain prices.

"How much is this silver fox boa and muff?" you ask.

"Only \$7,500," the clerk answers.

"And this mink coat?"

"Marked down to \$800."

"And this Hudson seal coat trimmed with marten?"

"Just \$450."

"Why," you exclaim, "I can do that well in the States."

"Possibly," returns the clerk with a shrug.

The explanation is simple. The Hudson's Bay Company deals only in raw furs. It makes no fur garments. It buys all the made-up furs for its stores in the open market at home and abroad.

You are rather shocked at this information. Why, you would like to know, doesn't the Hudson's Bay Company make up its own furs? What a wonderful source of wealth, you fancy, a factory, that turned its raw furs into the finished product, would prove. You can't imagine the Company's neglecting such a golden opportunity. You wax vicariously angry as you think of the Company selling its raw furs and then buying them back again made into garments for the retail trade of its own stores. You think what the magic name, "Hudson's Bay Company," on a label stitched in the lining of a fur garment would mean in sentimental value to the wearer. Who so lacking in romance as to wear furs made up by little unknown Toms, Dicks and Harrys if it were possible to wear furs made up by the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay? Who indeed?

Why the Company doesn't manufacture furs is one of the enigmas that the board of governors sitting in old Hudson's Bay House, No. 1 Lime Street, London, has left unsolved.

The Hudson's Bay Company is just now in the midst of a very historic house-cleaning. It is closing out to farm settlers the lands that are the sole remaining remnants of its once vast territorial domain.

When in 1870, the Company surrendered its sovereignty and territorial possessions to Canada, it was granted as an indemnity \$1,500,000 and one-twentieth of all its old charter lands in the fertile belt lying south of the North Saskatchewan River and between the Rocky Mountains and Lake of the Woods. The land comprised 7,117,000 acres. More than half has been sold. Three million acres are left. Recently the Company was compelled, after a long fight in court, to pay \$1,000,000 back taxes on its Saskatchewan lands alone. It also has large holdings in Manitoba and Alberta and the large sum of money Saskatchewan won by its litigation furnishes, at least, a precedent which, it is not illogical to suppose, the two other provinces may be tempted to follow. The Company's defeat on this tax question is the chief reason for its present house-cleaning.



DID YOU?

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

Illustration by WALTER DE MARIS

I TOOK the boy on my knee one day,
And I said, "You've just turned four;
Will you laugh in the same light-hearted
way,

When you've turned, say, thirty more?"
Then I thought of the part I'd fain evade—
More clouded skies than blue—
And anxiously peered in his upturned face,
For he seemed to say,

"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own,
And I said to the boy, "Heigh ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay new-

mown,
Will you always keep them so?"
Then back from those fears came a rakish
song

With a merry jest or two,
And I gazed on the child, as he sat on
my knee,

And I thought he asked,

"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I said, "Oh, boy of mine,

Will you keep them true year after year?
Will you leave no heart to pine?"

Then out of the past came another's eyes,
Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue,

Did he know whose eyes I was thinking of?
When he answered me,

"Did you?"



\$1000 for Smiling Faces

**JUDGE'S
National Smile Week
Feb. 5th to 12th**

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Film Star
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Publicist
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
Author
EVAN J. DAVID
Executive Secretary

THESE three smiling young ladies are telephone operators who have been taught the doctrine that "the voice with the smile wins." They've gone that famous slogan one further by adding to "the voice with the smile," "the face with the smile."

Clip out these smiling faces and enter them, with other smiling faces you are collecting, in the big joyous contest JUDGE is conducting to help build national morale by spreading the gospel of the cheerful spirit and a smile.

Read the rules on this page—read the questions correspondents have already asked which may answer some of your own.

Then get busy and try to win one of the big prizes!

Rules of the Contest:

1. Each smiling face clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement will count as a point in JUDGE'S National Smile Week Contest. To the persons who send the largest number of smiling faces clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement published on or before midnight, February 12th, the following cash prizes will be given:

Largest number.....	\$500.00
Second largest.....	250.00
Third.....	100.00
Fourth.....	50.00
Next ten, each.....	10.00

2. Clippings made from now on, from any newspaper or magazine advertisement, either current or back numbers (no more than five points will be allowed from any one advertisement) may be entered. The same advertisement in any magazine or newspaper may be used but once by any competitor.
3. Clippings must be mailed on or before midnight of February 13th, 1922, when the contest closes. Don't send any clippings until you send them all.
4. This contest is open to you whether you are a subscriber to JUDGE or not. It is not necessary that you buy the magazine in order to enter the contest.
5. Employees, or members of the families of the employees of the Leslie-Judge Company are barred from this contest.
6. Checks will be mailed to the winners as soon as the winners are determined.
7. In the event of ties, prizes identical in character with that offered will be given to each of those so tying.
8. The names of the winners will be published in a number of JUDGE issued during April, 1922.
9. Address all clippings, with the total number of faces indicated on each package to "Chairman, Judge's National Smile Week Committee," 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Clippings will not be returned. All inquiries regarding this contest should be addressed to the Chairman accompanied by a stamp for reply.

Questions and Answers

1. Must I give names of advertisers, magazines or newspapers from which clippings are made?

Ans. Only clip as much of the advertisement as will identify it as an advertisement.

2. May I use pictures of screen stars advertising films?

Ans. Yes.

3. May I use the same ad clipped from different magazines or newspapers?

Ans. Yes.

4. Must the face be smiling or just pleasant?

Ans. A genuine smile is necessary.

5. Must each face be of a certain size?

Ans. No.

6. May I submit side view of the smiling faces?

Ans. Yes.

7. May I submit a group of faces clipped from an ad and will each face count as one point?

Ans. Up to five faces, each counts one point; but no more than five points will be allowed for one advertisement.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



Is your money protected?

There's just one way to free your mind from worry of the ever-present danger of robbery.

Keep an Iver Johnson in a handy drawer. It's absolutely accident-proof. Jolt it, thump it, bump it, or "Hammer the Hammer." Only by the intentional pull of the trigger can this revolver be discharged.

Because of its piano-wire heat-treated springs—instead of ordinary flat springs, which often break—the Iver Johnson is ever ready to respond with lightning quickness to a pull of the trigger. Accurate, penetrating, sure in action.

All calibres in hammer and hammerless models. Regular, Perfect Rubber, and Western Walnut grips. If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, write us.

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Three interesting booklets full of information, FREE. Write today for the one that interests you.

"A"—Firearms
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Iver Johnson Champion Single and Double Barrel Shotgun combine accuracy and dependability, and are moderately priced.

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by name
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PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
For Coughs & Colds

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

**Girls! Girls!!
Save Your Hair
With Cuticura**

Soap and Ointment to clear Dandruff and itching, 25c. each. Samples free of Cuticura, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

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Free Trial You may order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

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Welcome to Anybody, at Any Time, Genuine Leather Case, Double stitched, flexible and durable, containing 4 Pencils and 1 Penholder. Gift imprinted with Your Name on Case and Pencils. **ONE IMPORTED PENCIL SHARPENER FREE.** Sent in Artistic Xmas Holly Box. Guaranteed in every respect. Mailed by Parcel Post, insured, prepaid if check or stamps accompany order.

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Farmer Burns, 2399 Range Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

How It Could Happen Again

(Continued from page 807)

the Chief Executive's chair. "Even as to-day"—but one hesitates to draw the parallel between Andrew Johnson and Warren Harding any closer than that! Mr. Harding, good natured as he is, would have a perfect right to protest.

Note next that from the close of Johnson's administration until 1908 there were twelve Presidential inaugural ceremonies. Ten times in those forty years the oath of office was taken by war veterans. The one man who succeeded in breaking through that long succession of ex-service men was Grover Cleveland, who was drafted in '63—"his was the first name drawn out of the wheel in Buffalo," a biographer relates—but who sent a substitute to the front. Cleveland's excuse for this sounds good enough. Two of his brothers served throughout the war, and some one had to stay at home to support the family. But the G. A. R., it appears, cordially detested Cleveland—and he then made the feeling mutual by vetoing all pension bills as fast as they came before his notice.

No one else, in that forty years after the war, became President without the support of the G. A. R.—an organization which, at the crest of its enrollment (in 1890) numbered only 409,781. This total, please note, is less than half the present strength of the young American Legion. Hereinafter follows, if your memory needs refreshing, the list of Presidents of the United States for those forty years:

Ulysses S. Grant; General of the Armies of the U. S.; two terms.
Rutherford B. Hayes; Brigadier (brevet Major General); one term.
James Abram Garfield; Major General; one term.
Chester Alan Arthur; Quartermaster General; one term.
Grover Cleveland; civilian; one term.
Benjamin Harrison; Colonel (brevet Brigadier General); one term.
Grover Cleveland; civilian; one term.
William McKinley; Captain (brevet Major); two terms.
Theodore Roosevelt; Colonel; two terms.

So perhaps our notion of the potential political power of an organization of ex-service men is not so silly as it sounds. Even when the fact is duly recognized that the American Legion strives earnestly to "keep out of politics," and that it bars from office in the Legion any man who holds any kind of political job, the possibility always exists that if the organization cannot get what it is fighting for by non-partisan methods it will be aroused in anger to change its tactics.

Then let the politicians beware. And also let the Legion—for if it takes the plunge into party strife, it may, as the G. A. R. in its early days, almost wreck its own organization. The G. A. R. had to learn by costly experience the wisdom of speaking more softly and carrying—not brandishing—a big stick.

Unlike the Legion, the G. A. R. in the beginning openly took a hand in politics. Witness that Article 1, Section 2, Paragraph 5 of the G. A. R.'s original declara-

tion of principles advertised the organization as standing "for the establishment and defense of the late soldiers and sailors of the United States, morally, socially and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country and to the recognition of such services and claims by the American people."

To contemporary ears this has somewhat the sound of "treat 'em rough and make 'em like it!" Its sound appears to have been too harsh for the 'sixties, too, for by the time the G. A. R. was assembled in Cincinnati for its third annual campfire in 1869—the meeting which corresponds to this third annual convention of The American Legion in Kansas City—a resolution was reported which read:

"Resolved, that whatever suspicion of political nature may have heretofore attached to the Grand Army of the Republic as to its being a political organization, that we hereby declare it above and independent of all partisan feeling and action, and actuated only by a determination to sustain to the fullest extent the principles so clearly defined in the rules and regulations adopted by the National Encampment, and embracing only the patriotic duties enjoined by charity, fraternity and loyalty to flag and country, including a just condemnation of that fell spirit of rebellion which would have destroyed not only the country, but rooted liberty itself out of the land."

The resolution was adopted unanimously, and the constitution changed in accordance.

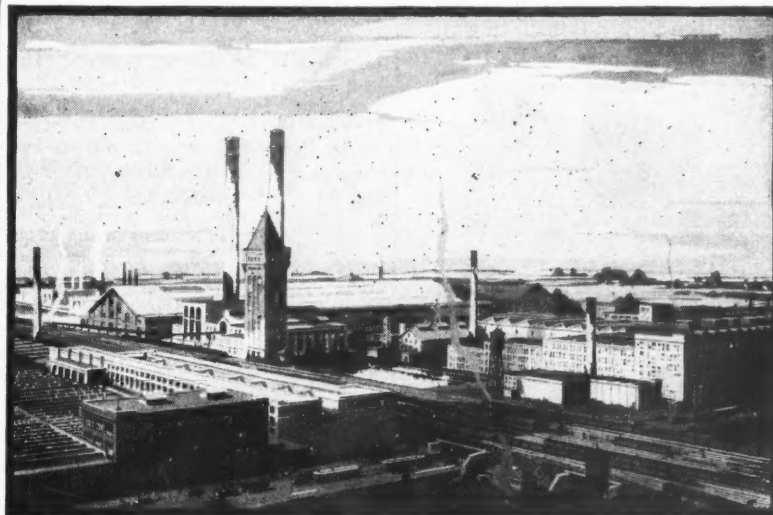
What happened thereafter?

Doubtless the letter of the law was upheld; but, with the best intentions in the world, the spirit of it appears to have been violated. Here is the problem: what does a resolution to "keep out of politics" achieve when you find one of your buddies running for office and a man no worthier who wasn't a buddy opposing him? Then, as time goes on, you find scores of the names of those buddies on the ballot slips—finally hundreds of them. What happens? "Ask dad—" or consult any American history book!

Eight out of nine of the men who were chosen for the highest post of honor that our nation could bestow in the forty years that followed the Civil War had seen army service. Did this "happen" for no reason except the secret support of the Grand Army of the Republic? It must have "happened" occasionally that the kind of candidates who were popular with the G. A. R. possessed qualities that were also admired by some of the rest of the population—a population which in the first census taken after the close of the war numbered 38,558,371.

To-day our census has tripled that figure, and in our latest war almost twice as many men wore the uniform of the U. S. as wore the blue in the Union Army and Navy. Whether the ex-service men of 1917-1918 will not contribute, in proportion, as many men of Presidential caliber and of lesser caliber as did the ranks of the veterans who served in the 'sixties is a question well worth asking.

To a reporter, looking over the samples of young citizens that he sees gathered here in Convention Hall, the answer is not one of doubt. They seem a likely lot.



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Economical Equipment

Forty years ago the management of the Bell Telephone System organized for a supply of the apparatus which it foresaw would be required in the development of its new industry—telephone service.

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Switchboards with millions of parts, other apparatus of highest efficiency, and all necessarily of complex and intricate design, cables and wires and a multitude of technical devices enable our country to lead the world in telephone service.

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This factory, controlled through stock ownership by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been for forty years the manufacturing department of the Bell System; with the result that the associated companies secure equipment of the highest development, made of the best materials, produced in accordance with the requirements of the public, and with the certainty of moderate costs.

Economy in the Bell System begins with the manufacture of equipment.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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toward Better Service



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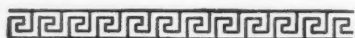
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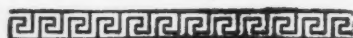
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Woolware
100% VIRGIN WOOL

306-5th Avenue
NEW YORK



"Mother Volga"—(Continued from page 805)

In Russia the damage is done. The long process of deterioration, like that which had ruined the States of the Confederacy by 1865, has done its work. Millions of people—mostly women and children—will starve in Russia this winter, and no power on earth can reach them or save them now. It is too late. But the American relief workers in the Volga valley will save millions of others, too; and those who do survive will not be ungrateful.

THAT at least 3,000,000 people will die of starvation, cholera, typhus, exposure and other causes having their origin in the famine is, I think, quite inevitable. Maxim Gorky said that the various relief measures "are only little acts—not enough to dam up the catastrophe." This strikes one as true the

Volga, has been destroyed and is now temporarily repaired with timber, for lack of steel. The coal mines of the Donets basin reminded me of an old steel engraving illustrating "Sherman's March to the Sea" that used to hang in my grandfather's parlor—rails torn up, water towers burned, miles of freight cars turned into heaps of ashes and twisted iron. If there were 2,000,000 tons of wheat at Petrograd at this moment, I doubt if it could be got to those who need it most in time to save them—the 20,000,000 peasants scattered on farms through a territory as great as the United States east of the Mississippi.

THEY know this in Russia. And yet—and I take off my hat to them—they are trying with everything they have in them to get by. I saw it first in Rostoff-



Their horse is dying. Without a horse they cannot go on. They do not know what to do. They only know that back in Vassilovka where they have been living there is no food left.

moment one enters the famine country. Fully 3,000,000 farmers of the Volga valley have already left their homes, panic-stricken over the prospect of a famine winter, and by doing so have cut themselves off from any relief that might have been brought to them. Most of them are doomed, for there is not enough surplus food in the parts of Russia which the drought of last summer did not affect so severely to care for these fugitives. Even if there were food, or if the 1,845,000 tons of grain necessary to meet the situation could be obtained from outside Russia and shipped in, it is impossible to get this grain to those who require it, because of difficulties of transportation.

The railways of Russia, like many European railway systems, were built primarily for military purposes. Nor were they extensive. Where the 3,000,000 square miles of the United States are served by 253,626 miles of railways, the 2,000,000 square miles of European Russia were served by less than 50,000 miles of rail. While in the United States there are approximately twenty-five miles per 10,000 inhabitants, in European Russia there was this amount per 100,000 inhabitants. And what the war and especially the civil wars with Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel, did to the Russian railways is almost incredible.

Every bridge on the lines running out of Tsaritsin, the necessary center of distribution of shipments intended for the

on-Don, and I never ceased to see it until I left that tragic land. Frank Connes, the official interpreter of the Supreme Court of New York, and I had started off to find the man who could give orders to detach two cars from the regular Rostoff-Moscow express, leaving early the following morning, and attach our car in their place. We knew nothing of the organization of things under the Soviet system, and we wasted a lot of time applying to the wrong people. Finally, we got on the track of the right man—Engineer Kozloff. But by that time it was late, and he had left his office; so we went to his home.

It was a very small house at the edge of town, though Kozloff's job would correspond in importance with that of division superintendent of the New York-Washington division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When we got there, the front door was open, but no one was about. We went in, and in a far room we saw a man lying fully dressed, in a sort of stupor, half off a bed. I thought at first that he must be drunk, which in a country where prohibition has been made effective by the simple expedient of shooting all bootleggers, was astonishing. But when we came closer, we found he had a high fever and could not be roused. Ultimately we scared up a child who fetched Kozloff's wife—she had been doing the washing, in the back yard.

"You ought to send your husband to a

hospital, madam," I said sternly. "He is a very sick man."

"I know," she replied. "It is intermittent fever. But he won't go to the hospital. He is utterly worn out with work, too, but when he gets a few hours' sleep the fever leaves him, and he will be ready to go to work again at midnight. He is this way every day."

"What do you mean, go to work at midnight?" I asked. "Is he on a night shift?" Madam Kozloff smiled.

"You are strangers, aren't you?" she asked. "No; my husband is what we call 'a brain worker,' you see. The manual laborers work eight hours a day, but the responsible heads have an additional voluntary office hour from midnight to four in the morning. My husband works from eight to four in the daytime, and then comes home with this wretched fever and sleeps till eleven. Then he goes back to work again at midnight. At four thirty in the morning he gets another snatch of sleep until seven thirty, and is back on the job at eight."

We left a message; but as we had no idea the man would be anywhere but in a hospital by midnight that night, we went in search of another man. We found that he lived at the "Sovietsky Dom"—the quarters for non-resident workers, formerly the Moscow Grand Hotel, on Rostoff's main street. His room was five flights up, and no elevators running. We knocked, and a woman's voice bade us enter.

We explained that we were Americans who had come to see just what conditions actually were in the Volga famine country. Madam Sadoff, who greeted us, looked at us, wide-eyed and incredulous.

"You mean you think there is a chance that America will help us?" she asked, breathlessly. And when I nodded, she stood there like a tall lily, her eyes bright with tears.

"You see, I am one of Mother Volga's children, too—I come from Saratoff. I thought the whole world was against us. I can scarcely believe that America will help Russia before it is too late." And she went on to tell us how her husband was killing himself with work, like Kozloff and the others, wrestling with the problem of transporting the fleeing refugees from the famine country.

"Those who were equipped to handle a technical problem of this kind have run away to Paris or Monte Carlo or New York, where they are living in comfort while the people of Russia starve for the lack of men with the knowledge and the experience to rebuild Russia." She was very bitter, and Sadoff who came in while she was talking, rebuked her gently.

It was midnight when we left Sadoff at the door of the hotel, as he swung off down the pitch-black street toward the offices of the railway administration.

Early next morning, they began bumping our car about the railway yards, and before we knew what was happening we were attached to the Moscow express. The *nachalnik stanzia* (station master) himself was attending to it. I leaned out of the car window and hailed him.

"You got your order, I see," I said. "Who signed it?"

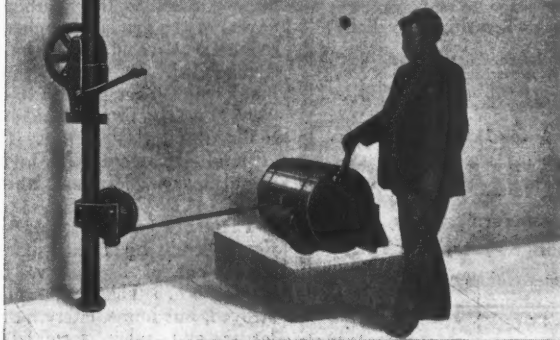
"Kozloff," he replied. "Two ten this morning."



Time-Saving Ash Removal!

THE Webster School at Pontiac, Mich., removes ashes once a month. Formerly it required two whole days to remove this accumulation. They now use a Model D electrically operated G&G Telescopic Hoist, and with the employment of fewer men, the ashes are removed in five hours.

Interesting Booklet No. 230 upon request



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Investigate this modern method of ash removal. When writing, please tell us height of lift.

The
G&G
Telescopic Hoist

quantity of ashes to be removed and how often, and location of driveway. A rough sketch will help.

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THE great Armament Conference at Washington, which has been attracting the attention of the whole world, has two distinct aspects, the idealistic and the economic, and thus is viewed with varying sentiments. There are optimists who hope from it impossible things, pessimists skeptical of any worth-while results, and "middle of the road" folk who expect from its labors a moderate amount of practical good.

The plan for reduction of naval armaments announced to the conference by our Government, and hailed with delighted approval all over the world, did not satisfy extremists, who want nothing less than the sweeping away of all armies and navies. But it is probably the only practicable step of the kind in the present state of human opinion regarding international relationships. It offered a sane and admirable beginning and was a vast advance away from the traditional system. If carried out, it would put the brake sharply on the mad competition of nations for sea power. It would check the senseless yearly squandering of hundreds of millions for unproductive purposes, and would afford promise of decided relief to the overburdened taxpayers of the principal countries. As an economic move it cannot be too highly commended. It should, through scaling down of taxes to the extent of \$200,000,000 yearly, prove an aid and stimulus to business in this country. Curtailment of land armaments, its logical sequel, would bring additional benefit to the world.

There are two phases to the proposition. Scrapping of sixty-six capital ships would not of itself have far-reaching significance. The vessels might be destroyed, but immediately be replaced by larger and more formidable floating fortresses. The suspension for ten years of new construction, however, is a vital feature of the program, whose full results cannot be foretold, but which might prove to be the most potent influence for world pacification so far known. By the time the long holiday in the shipyards shall have ended, the peoples of the planet may have become so enamored of it as to hate to return to the olden practice and to demand that the holiday be made perpetual. Lessening of naval armaments might have the psychological effect of decreasing belligerent sentiment in the nations concerned, and make the likelihood of future wars grow less. Humanity might become accustomed to the idea that the proper

use of navies is as police forces and not as means of aggression and conquest. The relative cheapness of the new arrangement would be a tremendous argument in its favor. So the idealistic idea (always greatly to be considered) would be reinforced by the thrifty one, and thus in time there might come about naturally and easily a fulfillment of the dream of universal peace, whose economic value no one can dispute.

The immediate industrial consequences of the limitation of armaments would be considerable, but not so serious as might have been supposed. The leading manufacturers of warships and their equipment have announced that government orders for such products form in times of peace but a small part of their businesses. Therefore, they would not suffer much detriment from the enforcement of the plan. Were it otherwise the general welfare would, of course, have to be regarded above any individual interest. It is nevertheless satisfactory that the immense good which an epochal event would produce would be accompanied by little harm.

The armament conference indicates, at least, that the world is advancing, and that while human nature may not change basically, it may modify its manifestations for the better when it has sufficient incentive to do so. The work of the conference, if success finally crowns it, should be a distinct contribution to the peace and prosperity of all mankind. It should eventually be one of the forceful factors in the rebuilding of business and in stimulating the securities market.

Answers to Inquiries

C. GROTON, N. Y.: For investment of your \$3,000 you might consider N. Y. C. deb. 6s, or N. Y. C. 7s, Great Northern R. R. 7s, U. S. of Brazil 8s, International Mercantile Marine 1st s.f. 6s and U. S. Rubber 1st & ref. 5s.

B. ELGIN, ORE.: The sterling bonds of Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Chile, are probably safe and their purchase at present low rates of exchange might turn out a good speculation. Take notice, however, that Brazil and Chile have recently issued 8% bonds payable in United States coin, which are highly regarded and undoubtedly safe. Norway bonds also have a good rating.

V. RICHFIELD.: The Willys-Overland Co. reports a considerable improvement in business, but the common stock still looks like a long pull speculation. It is useless to conjecture about United Eastern's dividends. The company's earnings have fluctuated so much and the dividend has been suspended so often that the stock is just a speculation.

T. LAKEVIEW, OREGON.: American Woolen common, Pullman, Southern Pacific, Studebaker common, Pacific Gas & Electric common, American Sugar Refining pfd. and Western Pacific R. R. preferred are all entitled to be classed as reasonably safe business men's investments.

G. BROOKLYN, N. Y.: The Oklahoma Producing & Refining Co. had at one time a fair outlook and paid dividends. But reverses came upon it and it is no longer paying dividends. The stock is a long-pull speculation. The Dunn Pen Co. is a new organization. It is selling an

excellent improved fountain pen, but it has not as yet become a commercial success. It has to meet a great deal of competition. Its shares are therefore at best a long-pull speculation. The Independence Lead Co.'s property seems to be a good prospect, and the president's letter might justify you in paying the new assessment. Of course, the stock is as yet highly speculative.

C. NEWARK, N. J.: The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. has been absorbed by the Radio Corporation of America, its stock having been exchanged for that of the Radio Corp.

H. McKEESPORT, PA.: Middle States Oil Corp. stock is better than a mere speculation, for the company has large holdings, is expanding them, makes a great deal of money and is paying a \$1.20 per year dividend. But Columbia Graphophone, Cuban American Sugar, and Island Oil & Transport stocks are all in the highly speculative class, making no return to stockholders and not to be recommended to prudent investors. Island Oil might possibly pay dividends were it not struggling under a heavy load of capitalization.

R. SEATTLE, WASH.: American Sumatra Tobacco's decline was due to persistent rumors months ago of damage to its crops, the falling off of earnings and the passing of the dividend. Its earnings for the year ending July 1, 1921, were only \$5.74 on common, against \$16.91 the previous year. Naturally on that income the Company could not continue to pay 8%.

Y. MUSKOGEE, OKLA.: Kennecott Copper, and Inspiration Copper are making no returns just now. Operations in their mines have been suspended because of the low price of the metal. One of the few copper companies still paying dividends is Miami, which has been disbursing \$2 a year. If it maintains its dividend, the stock is a pretty good purchase at present price. Better investments for your \$1,200, however, would be 1st class bonds or preferred stock. You could buy Great Northern 7s, or American Woolen pld. with greater safety.

F. WORCESTER, MASS.: Owing to depression of business the dividend on U. S. Rubber common was suspended and that put the shares into the speculative class. It is possible that in course of time the shares will sell higher. The Queens Run Refractories reports paying 8% dividends on preferred and \$1 a year on common. The preferred stock seems a good business man's purchase. Libby, McNeil & Libby omitted the semi-annual dividend due in July, 1921. The concern itself is strong and has been successful in the past. Its bonds are well regarded.

S. VIRGINIA, MINN.: I don't "recommend" the purchase of any stock or bond. I simply try to state what seems to be true regarding them. General Motors common looks like a good business man's purchase even at current quotation.

C. CHICAGO, ILL.: It would not be a bad business man's move to buy 50 shares of Middle States Oil as things appear at present. The company seems to have abundant working capital. It looks as if it might continue to pay dividends. Whether the stock will advance much within the next few months I cannot foresee. It is selling high enough for its present dividend. The Fisher Body Corporation is controlled by the General Motors Corp. and is in strong hands. It is said to be the largest manufacturer of automobile bodies in the country and it gets good patronage from General Motors. As the Fisher Corp.'s earnings for the year ending August 30, 1921, showed a deficit after payment of 10% on common, there can be no immediate high hope of an advance in the stock. If the deficit should continue, a reduction of dividend would be logical. The future of the corporation, of course, depends on whether we shall have a real revival of business.

H. SHILLINGTON, PA.: The Selznick Moving Picture Corporation is reported to have thousands of customers among the theaters of the United States and to be earning considerable money. My advice do not indicate that it is paying dividends. The guarantee of 20% seems exaggerated. The company has not been in existence long enough to become seasoned and its stock, instead of being a "good investment," should be classed as a speculation. Empire Food Products Co. stock was recently removed from the Curb Association's list, indicating that there was objection to it. The promise of 18% dividends should be enough to make one wary of the shares. Buy something that is sound and solid, that is seasoned and paying dividends.

D. DULUTH, MINN.: The National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World has issued a bulletin criticizing the Cox Realization Co., promoted by S. E. J. Cox. The Committee makes particular reference to Cox's advertising and his exorbitant claims concerning the potash discovery in Martin Co., Tex. I do not advise purchase of the stock.

C. NEW YORK: I do not advise purchase of the M. V. All-Weather Train Controller Co.'s stock. It is not an investment, but a speculation. The company has not developed into a dividend payer.

K. WOONSOCKET, R. I.: Owing to uncertainty as to the results of the new financing proposition, it might be safer to defer further purchase of National Leather shares. The future of the company depends entirely on the revival of business and the date of that cannot be foreseen. New York Drydock is paying \$2.50 a year and is a fair business man's purchase at present price. Simms Magneto is paying dividends on preferred but not on common. The preferred may be reasonably secure, but there are more desirable issues.

B. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: The Texas Co. is one of the strongest of the independent oil organizations and its stock is less speculative than that of D. W. Griffith, Inc. It is better to hold your paid-for stock than to sell in order to buy Griffith stock on the twenty-payment plan. The Griffith Co. is comparatively new. It paid its initial dividend of \$1 a share on Class A stock, March 4, 1921. The stock is not yet seasoned.

B. CHICAGO, ILL.: Going into debt for any purpose is risky, and if you do so for the purpose of buying securities, it would be well not to get in too deep. The Liberty Bonds, U. S. Brazil 8s, and C. M. & St. Paul conv. 4½s, were good purchases. The St. Paul 4½s are secured under the general and ref. mortgage. Kansas City Power & Light, Inc., 8s are probably safe but I would

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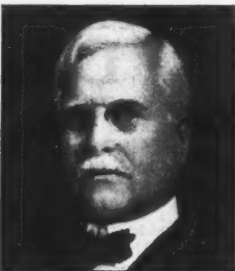
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prefer the bonds of a stronger company. If you should sell your Liberty Bonds and buy Great Northern 7s, Union Pacific 7s, or Chicago & Northwestern 7s, the proceeding would be safe and profitable.

K., TOLEDO, OHIO: The Charcoal Iron Co. of America's 8 per cent. ten-year (closed) first mortgage gold bonds are a very excellent investment. The company is the largest producer of charcoal iron, wood alcohol and acetate of lime in the United States. It owns great tracts of timber and iron land in Michigan. Earnings are four times interest requirements. It is provided that \$100,000 of these bonds must be called for sinking fund purposes on each interest date on thirty days' notice. The company will meet normal income tax up to 2 per cent., will remit the Pennsylvania 4 mills tax, and the bonds are exempt from taxation in Michigan. Quoted at a price to yield about 8 1/2 per cent.

H., MONTPELIER, VT.: As you say, the Connecticut Power & Light Co. cumulative 8 per cent. preferred stock looks like an attractive investment. The company supplies electric light and power to an important industrial section and earnings have shown a considerable increase. Net income is equal to nearly three times the dividend on preferred. The stock is exempt from Connecticut State tax if held by residents of Connecticut and exempt from normal Federal income tax. The stock is redeemable at the option of the company at \$120 per share and accrued dividends. Offered at a price to yield over 8.16 per cent.

I., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: City of Bristol, Conn., 5 per cent. general improvement bonds are a safe investment. They are due serially from November 1, 1922, to November 1, 1932. They are a legal investment for savings banks and trust funds in New York, Connecticut and elsewhere. The bonds are coupon in denomination of \$1,000 and registerable. Offered at prices to yield 4.7 per cent. to 5 per cent., according to maturity.

G., BALTIMORE, MD.: The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.'s ten year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold debenture bonds are a good business man's investment. They are coupon from \$100 to \$1,000, registerable as to principal, and redeemable after May 1, 1922, at thirty days' notice at 110 and interest. The company reports increasing sales and profits under its new management. The debentures were offered at 99 1/2 and interest.

K., CHICAGO, ILL.: All the bonds of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. are well regarded and reasonably safe. First-class real estate bonds are among the safest securities, and the fact that they are not so marketable as listed bonds is to many people a great point in their favor.

G., BALTIMORE, MD.: It is impossible to foresee whether Mexican Petroleum will not be subject to further manipulation and suffer up and down price movements. Reassuring official statements for the time being blocked the game of the bears. The rumors about salt water in the wells were overdone. It is now asserted that the company's oil supplies are not likely to suffer any diminution, but rather to increase. Earnings are reported to be at the rate of 35 per cent. per year per share. The company's stock does not deserve to sell as high as the figure you mention, \$200. Though it is paying 12 per cent., it is not near so stable an issue as American Car & Foundry, lately selling at less than \$140 and paying the same rate of dividend. Car & Foundry has laid aside a dividend reserve sufficient for three years. Mex. Pet. has no such arrangement. Mex. Pet. stock should not sell higher than Car & Foundry, but of course it cannot be told what the manipulators will do with it. It would be safer to take a handsome profit in Mex. Pet. when you can get it.

G., ELIZ. PA.: The Central Steel Co.'s first mortgage 90-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds look like an excellent buy. They are not callable prior to maturity. They are coupon in denominations of \$100 to \$1,000, registerable as to principal, and the company pays Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. The company's plants are located at Massillon, O., and the total net assets are more than four times the proposed \$5,000,000 bond issue. Net earnings are several times the bond interest. These securities were offered at a price to yield 8.15 per cent.

E., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: I should call the City of Los Angeles (Cal.), 5 1/2 per cent. harbor improvement bonds perfectly safe. They are due November 1, 1922 to 1931, inclusive. They are coupon in denominations of \$1,000, but registerable. They are exempt from Federal income tax and are legal investments for savings banks and trust funds in New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Offered at prices to yield 5.1 per cent. to 5.4 per cent., according to maturity.

S., POULTNEY, VT.: The calling off of the nation-wide strike did not, of course, end the railroads' troubles; it only prevented these from growing larger and intolerable. The stocks of the leading carriers are inviting at present figures, and will be more so on any recessions.

W., DUNLAP, ILL.: City of Washington, N. C., 6s and City of Marietta, Okla., Board of Education 6s, seem safe enough for you to invest part of your \$25,000 in them. Municipal Securities Corp. 6s appear fairly well secured by the Tulsa, Okla., 7s. It is a good thing to diversify one's investments and to buy bonds of different classes, railroad, industrial and public utility in addition to municipal issues.

M., NEWARK, N. Y.: It would be reasonably safe to invest your \$500 in New York Central, Atchison, or Southern Pacific. I would prefer Great Northern 7s and Northern Pacific-Great Northern 6 1/2s to the stock of either company. Until Pennsylvania R.R. stock pays more than 2 per cent., no very marked rise can be expected. Some day, if all things go well, the company may restore the old rate of dividend.

B., TWO HARBORS, MINN.: Goodrich pfd. and American Steel Foundries common, are among the stocks that appear to be worth holding for the time being. Each has maintained its dividend and if business conditions improve, the prices of the stocks should advance.

B., KEEN, N. H.: Wilson & Co. pfd., United Drug 1st pfd., and Massachusetts Gas pfd., are all dividend payers and issues of merit. American Hide & Leather pfd. is making no returns now, and is 118 per cent. in arrears. The stock is an excellent long pull speculation.

New York, December 3, 1921.

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The Liberty Plan of partial payments, instituted by the Russell Securities Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York, is a boon to persons of limited means, as it gives them twelve to twenty-four months' time to pay for worth-while securities. Under this plan any active stock or bond listed on any exchange and selling at over 85¢ can be bought. For full particulars write to the corporation for booklet B-88.

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Hide-and-Seek Irish Style

(Continued from page 800)

courts carried on their business in secret, insofar as the British authorities were concerned. But even though they were "underground" the people patronized them to such an extent that the British courts convened in empty halls.

I might point out here that the legal code which is administered by these courts is not a newly created one. It remains the same, substantially, as the legal code of America and England. The British code has been amended in a few instances, but only in a few. It should be remembered that it was not the substance of British law to which the Irishman objected, so much as it was the idea that that law was administered without his consent. The few amendments to the British code that have been made deal chiefly with the rent of dwelling-houses, with local government and with particular laws enacted by the British Parliament which do not square with the ideals of the Irish republicans. "It isn't what you say, so much as the insulting way you say it," has been the Irishman's complaint against England.

"How on earth," ejaculates the American first arriving in Ireland, "can all the legal business of a court be carried on while a hundred soldiers with rifles are hunting up and down the streets and ransacking every house, to prevent it?"

Well, the American is much more inclined to be nervous in the face of this display of armed force than the Irishman is. The Irishman is used to it.

I remember dining one night in a secluded little restaurant in Dublin with a young lawyer, who had been acting as a judge in hundreds of the cases tried before these courts. He was, as they say, "on the run," and would have been arrested on sight. He chatted carelessly through the meal and then we strolled back toward my hotel.

It was then within a few minutes of the "curfew" hour, after which anyone on the streets would be arrested immediately by the military patrols, and all but one or two belated wayfarers had left the dark streets deserted. Bombs had been exploded in ambush, and shots exchanged within a few hundred yards of us that night by the way.

As we were about to say good night in front of my hotel, an armored motor truck laden with soldiers, suddenly swept around the corner a few feet away and the dazzling white beams of its headlights struck full upon us. For a moment that seemed to me endless he stood illumined in the glare, and my nerves jumped.

"Won't you come into my hotel," I urged.

He laughed. "Oh, it's quite all right," he said; and strolled off to his own lodgings, whistling cheerfully.

He had a narrower escape some weeks later, he told me. He had traveled to a county seat a hundred miles or more from Dublin, to sit as circuit judge. The military had got wind that the court was to hold its sessions in the town that day and had, with immense efficiency, placed a guard of troops in the town hall and had searched a number of houses.

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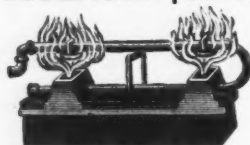
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The court calmly heard witnesses and passed judgment in the cases before it all day long, in a building overlooking the streets where the soldiers patrolled.

The young judge's close shave came the next day. Having finished his business, he was about to board the train the next morning when the soldiers on duty at the railway station halted him. They didn't know him, but they had a suspicion that he might be concerned in the prescribed course.

"Who are you and what's your business?" they demanded.

"Traveller for a commercial firm," he answered promptly. They wouldn't

Big Guns of the Gridiron—(Concluded from page 798)

and Shaw of Notre Dame. McGuire of Chicago was easily the best lineman on the field in the Chicago-Princeton game, and yet out West he is not rated in above Slater, Huffman, Shaw or Bader. The tackle crop in the West, not forgetting Nebraska, was an imposing thing to look at. Big, fast, slashing tackles who know their business are none too common, yet the West was fairly littered with them up and down the line.

The two greatest quarter-backs of the year beyond all argument were Glenn Killinger of Penn. State and Aubrey Devine of Iowa. Back of these come Bo McMillin of Centre College and for fine generalship Charley Buell of Harvard, but neither was quite a Killinger or a Devine.

Killinger is one of the greatest running quarter-backs that football has ever seen. He is as fast as a grayhound and as hard to pull down as a rhinoceros. He starts at top speed and once under way can slip through an opening that is less than a span in width. He is one of those fast, elusive, hard running backs who is first hard to catch and then hard to stop even with a clean, hard tackle. There was no defense in the country that could have stopped him, as the strong Navy defense soon found out.

Devine is rated as one of the best quarter-backs the West has ever known. A fine field general, a clean hard runner, a fine passer and a fine kicker, he stands above such rival Western stars as Workman and Romney, who are well above the ordinary.

McMillin of Centre is a great football player, and O'Hearn will be by another year. Both are versatile, hard runners and fine passers. While O'Hearn is much the better kicker, McMillin is one of the greatest defensive backs of the year. In fact, it is seldom one finds a backfield star who can handle both offensive and defensive play with such skill.

Injuries kept Don Lourie of Princeton out most of the year and the long lay-off affected his general play.

The three best ends of the year were Kiley of Notre Dame, Roberts of Centre and Swanson of Nebraska. Injuries checked Mueller of California, who is a star.

Roberts of Centre was possibly the star of the lot on both attack and defense, a big, powerful player who could tear into a charge with wrecking force, lead interference exceptionally well or carry the ball with speed and power.

Kiley was the greatest of the lot at

take his word for it, and searched his pockets. Not a paper did he have in them, except letters from a chemists' firm in Dublin, instructing him to visit certain towns and push the sale of O'Gallagher's Soothing Syrup.

"I took care to get them written several days before I left Dublin," he told me.

There was many and many a time when these courts were held on some lonely hillside, under the open sky, with the judge sitting on a boulder; plaintiff, defendants and witnesses squatted on the turf before him; with the curlews screaming over the desolate bogland stretching away on either side.

handling a forward pass, while Swanson of Nebraska was a versatile star without a weakness. Anderson of Notre Dame was on one year with Kiley. The East had no end to match any of this trio from the West and South, although Snively of Princeton as a forward passer and a defensive end was far above ordinary worth. Parr of the Navy was a great defensive end.

It would be hard to find a more brilliant all around back-field star than Captain Malcolm Aldrich of Yale. Here is a back who can kick, pass, run and more than hold up his end at defensive play. He is an exceptionally strong punter and one of the best running backs in the game. Aldrich must be rated as one of the star backs of the last ten years, as brilliant a football player as one could hope to find. The same can be said of George Owen of Harvard, a smashing line plunger and a marvel at carrying the ball through any defense. His place is around the top.

Mohardt of Notre Dame is another star who is not quite so blessed with versatility. But Mohardt is a great running back and one of the greatest forward passers of the year, a mighty combination for any attack. Wilson of Penn. State is only a shade back of Killinger, one of those darting, skidding sprinters who are bound to go somewhere before the journey is halted. Georgia Tech had two fine backs in Barron and Harlan, while Williams of Wisconsin is one of the greatest backs of the West. Stuart of Ohio State takes high ranking among the elite when the laurel is being awarded.

What a back-field combination Devine, Killinger, Aldrich and Mohardt would make! And what coach would turn down McMillin, Wilson, Williams and, Owen?

Among those who might have worked their way to far higher places if injuries had not cut them down and so prevented them from reaching top form are Robertson, of Dartmouth, Lourie of Princeton, Davies of Pittsburg, French of West Point, Crangle and Carney of Illinois, Garrity of Princeton, Wittner of Princeton and several others. Wittner was a great defensive player, but injuries in the Harvard game left him almost helpless against Yale.

Two great defensive players who should not be overlooked are Gilroy of Princeton and Mallory of Yale, both of whom had big years. Among the best line plungers were Thomas of Chicago, Jordan of Yale, Owen of Harvard and Wynne of Notre Dame.



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